

The Musical World.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY MORNING.

Terms of Subscription, per Annum, 16s.; Half year, 8s.; Three Months, 4s.; payable in advance, to be forwarded by Money Order, to the Publishers, Messrs. Myers & Co., 37, King Street, Covent Garden.

No. 10.—VOL. XXVI.

SATURDAY, MARCH 8, 1851.

PRICE FOURPENCE.

REMOVAL.

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HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

It is now nearly three weeks since the *impresario* of this great and ancient establishment (which was once under the direction of no less a man than the composer of the *Messiah*, who lost money by the speculation, although he died so rich as to be able to leave, among other bequests, £1000 to the Royal Society of Musicians)—it is now nearly three weeks since the *impresario* (who has recently widened the domain of his leasehold by joining the Theatre Ventadour, otherwise "Bouffes," otherwise "Italiens," to Her Majesty's Theatre)—it is now nearly three weeks since Mr. Lumley (whose motto is "Never say die," and whose enterprise is an oak of many branches and thick foliage, springing originally from the acorn, Will, and since engrafted on the beech, Perseverance, the pine, Decision, and the tall poplar, Ambition, till the three united make one coniform, to which the botanists of the Opera have attached his name)—it is now nearly three weeks since Mr. Lumley—reviving a custom which, abandoned by caprice, remained honoured by remembrance, and is always better observed than dis-used—issued a prospectus of the intentions of Her Majesty's Theatre for the season 1851; and it is now nearly three weeks

since we should have set forth its details, and commented on its general appearance, in the pages of the *Musical World*. M. Gounod, Mr. Horsley, and Mr. Macready, *inter alia*, however, prevented us from fulfilling this duty; but, sans apology to Mr. Lumley and our readers, which would occupy space that might be devoted to matter more interesting, we forthwith proceed to our task, without prejudice, though with fear and trembling—fear, lest we may overlook any point of importance, trembling, for the probable consequences of that possible oversight. Having delivered ourselves of which confession, in a somewhat lengthy paragraph (during the perusal whereof we humbly beg the reader to mind his stops), we take leave to begin.

We shall follow the course of the prospectus as we find it ready made to our hands, taking each department in the position assigned it by the unknown hand which has drawn it up with such extreme care and lucidity. The manager presents his programme "with the confident hope; that the *successful exertions made* may be considered not unworthy of the forthcoming brilliant season, and of the high reputation and character of Her Majesty's Theatre." Without precisely being able to find the meaning of the three words marked in (our own) italics, to sound the bottom whereof the line of our reason is not long nor the lead of our conclusions heavy enough by some fathom, and which we humbly abandon as unfathomable, we echo the confident hope of the worthy director with hope and confidence.

To consider, then, the new engagements, and the "re-engagements," which come under one head. First, among the "soprani of high merit," stands Mdle. Caroline Duprez. The name of Duprez is a guarantee that something out of the common way is on the *tapis*, and the success in Paris of the young and handsome girl, who at present bears it in the public arena, has been of that brilliant and incontestable nature which leaves no doubt in the minds of the most doubtful that, in the person of the interesting and charming Caroline, Mr. Lumley has added a rich jewel to his store, a bright star to his shining and crowded constellation. We have seen and heard her, as Lucia and Adina, and while pleased with both were delighted with the former, in which character it would be not more nor less than judicious to introduce her to a London audience, who, if they do not applaud, must be as deaf as stones and as apathetic as snails.

Next to Mdle. Duprez, comes Mdle. Alaymo, "of the Pergola, at Florence, and principal theatres of Italy." Of Mdle. Alaymo, knowing nothing, we shall only say, that it would have been better to have announced her as "of the principal

theatres of Italy, and the Pergola at Florence," the Pergola at Florence being secondary, both in size and status, to the *Scala*, the *San Carlo*, the *Fenice*, the *Argentina*, and other principal theatres of Italy. But this by the road side. We shall welcome Mdle. Alaymo if she be good, as we hope, and therefore hope to welcome her.

Next follows a name of European celebrity,—Madame Barbieri Nini, "of the Royal Theatre, Turin, the Pergola at Florence, and *all* (our own italics) the principal theatres of Italy," who has been too often announced in the London Operatic prospectuses not to come at last. Of Madame Barbieri Nini we can say something. In 1846, only five years ago, not a long period, she lacked but one quality to constitute her a star of the first magnitude—personal beauty. Like Pisoni, the famous contralto, Madame Barbieri Nini was plain (we speak of five years ago), but, like Pisoni, the famous contralto, Madame Barbieri Nini was an accomplished artist, a perfect singer both in bravura and cantabile, and like Pisoni, the famous contralto, Madame Barbieri Nini (we speak of five years ago) had a voice of surpassing loveliness, a strong voice, and a rich, and a pure, and a wide ranged, and an equal toned; the only difference being, that while Pisoni, the famous contralto, had a contralto voice, Madame Barbieri Nini had a soprano. *Au reste*, this lady has for some years held rank with the greatest songstresses in the "Land of Song," and unless, in the course of her artistic pilgrimage during the last five years, she has had the mishap to encounter "Young Verdi," he vulture who gnaws away the heart and substance of the voice, (the fate of so many of her brother and sister vocalists,) we can see no likelihood of Madame Barbieri Nini coming to England with an impaired voice and an inflated style. It would, however, have been wiser to have announced Madame Barbieri Nini as "of *all* (our own italics) the principal theatres of Italy, the royal theatre of Turin, and the Pergola at Florence," the royal theatre of Turin and the Pergola at Florence being secondary, both in size and status, to the *Scala*, the *San Carlo*, the *Fenice*, the *Argentina*, and other principal theatres of Italy. But this by the mile-stone.

The two next and last new female engagements are Mdle. Feller, and Mdle. Zagnoli, of whose "whence" and "how" and "what" we are in profound darkness. Punch might add, were our short-legged cotemporary in the punning mood, that he had little doubt the former would turn out a very good fellow (Feller), bringing the Cockney pronouncing dictionary to bear upon the last syllable.

The list of female re-engagements from the company of last season will be perused by every subscriber to Her Majesty's Theatre with a fulness of satisfaction not to be surpassed:—Madame Sontag, Mdle. Parodi, Madame Giuliani, Mdle. Ida Bertrand, and Madame Fiorentini. We are happy in being able to state, from personal experience, that Madame Sontag is in stronger and fresher voice, is younger and handsomer, is singing with more exquisite art, and, in short,

is more a paragon of perfection than ever. Of the fiery and impetuous Parodi, with her open face, glowing shoulders, and womanly form, we can adduce nothing more than the sensation excited in the general breast of brother Jonathan, the dying embers of whose enthusiasm for the far-off Jenny have been rekindled into a blaze by the haughty beauty and vehement declamation of the young and passionate Lucrezia; which may stand as a pledge that those qualities which made her a favorite with Mr. Lumley's aristocratic subscribers have expanded even into fuller bloom. The careful and intelligent Madame Giuliani, the low-toned and aquiline Ida Bertrand, and last and best, Madame Fiorentini, who gave such eclat to the final performances of 1850, have all been singing, with more or less success, under Mr. Lumley's management, at the *Theatre Italien*, in Paris.

And now to the sterner side of the picture, which presents more excellence and variety than novelty. The excellence and variety none can impeach, while the novelty is somewhat meagre. But this by the turnpike gate.

The tenors comprise Gardoni, Calzolari, Sims Reeves, and Scotti. Gardoni, the silver-tongued, and Calzolari, the florid, we have recently heard in Paris, where they have been serving Mr. Lumley as zealously and efficiently as in London. Calzolari, who appears to have improved, and is deservedly a very great favorite with the French, completely extinguished poor Ivanhoff, who, though ushered magniloquently into public notice, failed to give the same pleasure to his audience as whilome, in Paris and London, when in the full possession of his physical capacities, which are now a thought faded and a word worn, a shade diminished, and a ray darkened. Gardoni looked somewhat delicate on his immediate return from hot Spain, which suited his temperament, it would seem, less comfortably than the icy Russias. This we can understand, Spain debilitating, while the Russias invigorate. But the bracing air of Paris soon restored to the graceful tenor all his natural forces, and we have rarely heard him sing with more abandon, energy, and sweetness than Gennaro in *Lucrezia Borgia*, about a fortnight since. Sims Reeves, the vocal pride of Albion, upon whose shoulders has descended the unwilling mantle of Braham (we say unwilling, because the glorious veteran—ten Duprez in one—will never, whilst he has life and breath, abate one jot of enthusiasm for his art, of love for public approbation, of delight in exercising his faculties before the eager multitude, astonished at so much youth and fire in a frame of nearly eighty winters)—Sims Reeves, upon whose shoulders has fallen the unwilling mantle of England's greatest singer, the vocal tongue of Israel—Sims Reeves, the youth of British Song (*maugre* the "Death of Nelson," and the "Bay of Biscay"), having concluded an annual engagement with Mr. Lumley, which permits him to serve no other master—Sims Reeves, the youth of English song, while his hoar precursor still sojourns among us (may he long sojourn!)—Sims Reeves, the swan of Bristol, thus laden, proceeds to Paris to replace, at the *Bouffes*, Calzolari, (who comes to London for the opening

of Her Majesty's Theatre), and will, doubtless, win the unanimous suffrages of the *Ancienne Noblesse* who surround Mr. Lumley, and of the *jeunes lions*, who—with *bottes vernies, gants jaunes, chapeau bas*, fancy cravats, no longer “Joinville,” and slender *cannes à pommes d'or*, with fierce beards and delicate complexions, a union of the gentle and *rebarbatif*, or, as Vivier would say, *oursif*—infest his orchestra stalls, hiss their approval, gesticulate their indifference, or roar their discontent. Even from this ordeal Sims Reeves is fashioned by nature to come out unscathed. We now come to Scotti. Of Scotti we know nothing. The absentees from the list of tenors of last season are Baucarde and Michelli.

The catalogue of baritones and basses may be shortly dismissed. What need we say in eulogy of the brave Coletti, the thrice useful Frederick Lablache, and the magnificent Lablache himself? What can we adduce of Ferranti, Scapiani and Casanova, seeing we know nothing of them beyond the fact that they come to us from the Italian theatre in Paris, but the plain comment that Mr. Lumley would not be likely to make an ill choice from his Parisian company, to bring forward in his native city, at the theatre of his predilection. What should we say of Signor Lorenzo, but that he formed one of Mr. Lumley's company last season, and appeared, among other things, in some of Verdi's operas, and, among yet other things, as a tempest-stricken king, gracefully reclining on deck, in a recumbent position, while Ariel, in the slight form of Carlotta Grisi, alternately brushed him with her wings and awakened the darkness of his soporific soul, with a smile—as it were the drop dolefully desired by Dives, “who lived in purple.”

We have but one name more to add to the list of singers; but that one name is alone worth an entire company, sopranos, mezzo-sopranos, contraltos, tenors, barytones (or mezzo-tenors, as Jullien craftily denotes them), and basses, *leger* and profound—**MARIETTA ALBONI**. After her triumphs in Paris and all the principal towns of France; after her triumphs at Madrid and Barcelona; after her brilliant successes in the *Favorite*, the *Sonnambula*, the *Figlia del Reggimento*; and, last, not least, the *Prophete*; after her appearance in the new opera, *La Corbeille d'Oranges*, which Auber is writing expressly for her, sitting up night and day, in love with his task; and, most provoking of all, after a whole year's absence from London and from England, the charming Marietta, with her comely form, her mild eyes, her laughing face, her exuberant youth, her unparalleled voice, and her unsurpassable execution, will once more pay a visit to the metropolis of Great Britain, once more delight the hearts and exercise the palms of her disconsolate adorers, whose number is legion, and who thirst for her presence, as the droughty traveller in the desert, when the camel, which was the spring that supplied the water whence he refreshed his baked lips, is killed. She will smile on them once more, and the soft low tones of her voice, not to speak of the high ones yet to be heard, will make their pulses beat and stir up their hearts as

of yore. Mr. Lumley has engaged Alboni. Bravo, Mr. Lumley! But, alas! we must add, only for a brief series of performances. Alboni will come over in July, after the expiration of her next engagement with the Grand Opera at Paris, and sing some dozen nights or so, no more. But these dozen nights are worth a season.

That Mr. Balfe remains at the head of the musical department will be viewed as a comfortable fact by all who take an interest in the welfare of her Majesty's Theatre. We can well believe, what the prospectus states, that “great care has been used in the selection of the orchestra,” and that still further care *will be used*, since the engagements for the orchestra have not yet been entirely completed, a difficulty having arisen, touching some new arrangements for the ensuing season, about which the management and certain members of the band cannot come to terms. But that, when completed, the orchestra will be an efficient one, the name of Mr. Balfe, who has worked so zealously and so well for five long and arduous years, four of which have been signalled by a formidable rivalry, is sufficient guarantee. The chorus, too, still directed by Herr Ganz, a gentleman of talent and perseverance, is to be “increased by the addition of several choristers from Germany.” Of late seasons the chorus has been the weak point of Her Majesty's Theatre, and we are not sorry to hear of reinforcements.

And now to glance at a few of the promised additions to the repertoire. “The best-founded hopes are entertained that M. Meyerbeer will superintend the production of a New Grand Opera, on which the great composer is already engaged.” Without any “foundation” on our side, we join in these “hopes” right heartily; but that “this opera will comprise *some of the most interesting melodies*” (our own italics,) “in the *Camp de Silesie*,” we neither hope nor expect, being loth to believe that M. Meyerbeer—so proud of his works in general, and of his *Camp de Silesie* in particular—would consent to erect one work out of the ruins of another. The name of Meyerbeer in the prospectus of a London Italian Opera, more especially when coupled with his *Camp de Silesie*, a work which even Paris, his grand battle-field, has not yet possessed, always inclines us to doubt; and we may as well say, without further apostrophe, that we have our doubts of the probable accomplishment of the promise contained in this particular paragraph.

Of Mr. Thalberg's “new grand opera, the libretto by M. Scribe,” we can speak with more confidence, since we have been informed, on the best authority, that the completed score is already in London. We shall be curious to hear this opera, of which we are able to form no notion whatever in advance, since what Mr. Thalberg has composed for the pianoforte cannot be accepted as a precedent of what he may be able and likely to effect in so essentially opposite a style.

Auber's opera (not designated by name in the prospectus) is the *Corbeille d'Oranges*, which the most gifted and brilliant of French musicians is now engaged in writing for Alboni; but

as that work is not yet composed to the French, much less to the Italian, *libretto*, we can say nothing about it, except that we shall be glad to hear it in good time, when Auber, Alboni, and M. Brandus will allow us.

"A posthumous work by Donizetti has likewise been secured." This, in all probability, is the MS. which MM. Escudier, of the *France Musicale*, profess to have in their possession.

Besides these, "various novelties" are pledged to be brought out, in a style "adapted to the brilliant season of 1851," which we trust may prove as brilliant as anticipated.

The season will open with Auber's *Gustave III.*, in which Mad. Fiorentini, Mdle. Feller, and Sig. Calzolari, will appear. Here Mr. Lumley has stolen an awkward march upon the Royal Italian Opera. Mdle. Caroline Duprez is to come the first week in April, and Mad. Sontag and Mdle. Alaymo immediately after Easter. May their shadows never be less! The sooner the welcomer.

The Ballet—in which Mr. Lumley has no rival—the Ballet promises to be as brilliant as ever. CARLOTTA GRISI, the inimitable, will speed over the frozen plains of Russia, to bask once more in the sunshine of adoration which her English worshippers are wont to dispense with such liberal warmth around their cherished idol—the Queen of the Dance. Carolina Rosati, who was absent last season, and who has recently hurt her pretty leg at the Theatre Italien, in Halévy's inexorable *Tempesta*, will return. Amalia Ferraris, the agile and quick-footed; Marie Taglioni, still taller, prettier, and quainter; Mdle. Petit Stephan; Rosa, Ausundon, Julienne, and Lamoureux, the lovely quartet of Coryphées, and a numerous and attractive *corps de ballet*, "French, Spanish, Hungarian, Italian, and English," are all secured—besides Mdle. Monti, pronounced, in the prospectus, "the greatest dramatic mime of Italy," which is pronouncing a great deal. The principal male dancers are MM. Paul Taglioni, Charles, Gosselin, &c. M. Taglioni continues in his post of *Maitre de Ballet*; M. Gosselin in that of *Professor*, which no one can fill so well; and M. Petit, as *Regisseur*. Sig. Pagni, if he returns from St. Petersburg, will compose the music for new ballets; but should he not come back, Mr. Lumley has armed himself with a triple coat of mail, in the person of one of England's best musicians, Mr. E. J. Loder, who will positively write one *ballet*, and peradventure more. From Mr. E. J. Loder we shall expect at least a *Giselle*, and are sure of getting something better—aye, better even than the masterpiece of Adolph Adam, whose *ballets* are as rich as his masses are poor. M. de St. Georges, the author of so many successful operatic *libretti*, has prepared the story of a "new grand poetical ballet," to be produced early in the season, with music, we hope, by Mr. Loder. A *Pas de Quatre* for Carlotta, Rosati, Taglioni, and Ferraris, though not mentioned, is a tolerably good suggestion. It has dropped from our pen quite by accident. The first new *ballet*, for the opening night, *L'Ile des Amours*, in which Mdle.

Ferraris will appear, is already in rehearsal, under the superintendence of M. Taglioni, the author. Carlotta will delight the eyes of her admirers, as Ariel, "in the beginning of April;" Rosati and "little Marie" directly after Easter.

The theatre, which "has been thoroughly renovated" (and thoroughly required it, after the havoc before Christmas), "will open early in March"—which is impossible, since "early in March" is already over. Better late than never. The number of subscription nights will be the same as last season, and "other arrangements are in progress." What these are will be shewn hereafter. We may mention one, however, which will astonish others as it has astonished us—the engagement of the popular barytone, M. Massol. What is the Royal Italian Opera about? The various reports about Madame Ugalde, a German Opera, a French Comic Opera, and five or six nights a week, being at present no better than "on dits," need not be discussed here. We conclude, therefore, with wishing Mr. Lumley the compliments of 1851, and a prosperous season; sincerely trusting that his establishment may rival the Crystal Palace of Mr. Fox, as a "Great Exhibition for all Nations."

MR. STERNDALÉ BENNETT.

A correspondent accuses us of injustice in regard to this eminent musician. He complains of an article which appeared in our last number, under the head of "An Unacknowledged Reformer," and insinuates that the object of this article was to make our readers believe that Mr. Bennett, in giving his performances of classical pianoforte music, was only following in the wake of M. Alexandre Billet. "Now," argues our correspondent, "nothing can be more absurd and unfair, since it is well known that Mr. Bennett, nine years ago, was the first to project this species of Chamber Concerts, which, after two consecutive seasons at his own apartments in Charlotte-street, Fitzroy-square, he transferred to the Hanover-square Rooms, where he has continued them ever since. Our correspondent further asserts that Mr. Bennett played the *Invocation* of Dussek, at one of his concerts, three years ago, and that, among other things, he performed the sonata of Clementi in B minor, Op. 40 (dedicated to Cherubini), and several works which the article, entitled "An Unacknowledged Reformer," attributes to M. Billet the credit of having been the first to introduce. Moreover, he declares that many of the pieces performed by M. Billet at St. Martin's Hall (Dussek's *Farewell to Clementi*, Woelf's sonata in C minor, Pinto's in A major, &c.) were played from copies of a publication of the firm of Coventry & Co., which Mr. Bennett has edited, under the title of *Classical Practice*. He deprecates what he terms our "satirical allusion to Hanover-square," as a personal mark of disrespect to Mr. Bennett, the only professor at present giving concerts of classical chamber music in that public locale; and lastly, accuses the writer of the article in question of a desire to put certain English musicians "at enmity with each other," through means of the allusions conveyed in the closing

paragraph, which he considers "highly discreditable to all concerned;" under this category, of course, must be included the writer of the article, the editor of this journal, and all who have any hand in its production. We have published the gist of our correspondent's argument, and the general tone of his objections, which may serve his purpose quite as well as if we had printed his letter.

Our answer will not give us much trouble. Let us at once disclaim all intention of disrespect to Mr. Sterndale Bennett—all idea of depriving him of the credit so strictly due to one of the most unflinching upholders of the cause of good music in this country. We can hardly think it necessary to make an appeal to those who have for many years been in the habit of reading the *Musical World*—or entreat them to tax their memories for a single line in which Mr. Bennett has been disparaged—or beg them to cite one article, nay, one expression, in reference to him, in which any feeling has been exhibited but admiration for his genius and respect for his acquirements. We must conclude that our correspondent began to read the *Musical World* from the last number, and knows nothing of the five-and-twenty volumes that preceded it. In torturing what he is pleased to term our "satirical allusion" to Hanover-square into a personal slight to Mr. Bennett, he displays more ingenuity than candour; and his insinuation, that we wish to put English musicians "at enmity with each other," indicates more want of reflection than either. The very facts alleged by our correspondent in defence of Mr. Bennett, who stands in no need of any such apologist, are recorded in the pages of the *Musical World*—the institution of Classical Chamber Concerts in Charlotte Street and their removal to Hanover Square, the performance of Dussek's *Invocation*, and of Clementi's sonata in B minor, the publication of Classical Practice, &c.,—recorded with appropriate comments and adequate expressions of praise. In short, so constant and unhesitating have been our acknowledgments of Mr. Bennett's talents and services that we could scarcely believe our eyes on reading the letter of our correspondent, which accuses us of treating him unfairly.

At the same time, because one of our readers may arrive at incorrect conclusions, we are not to be dissuaded from giving to M. Billet that credit which is justly his due. We have praised M. Billet, not for instituting concerts of classical pianoforte music—which not only Mr. Bennett, who first set the example, but several other professors, had been giving for years before M. Billet's arrival in this country—but for the great variety and comprehensive character of his selections, in which, with due deference to all objectors, we must persist in declaring he stands alone. M. Billet has played not one, but twenty fine compositions, which, but for him, might have remained upon the shelf; and for this he is well deserving of praise. M. Billet has introduced many works of high merit, by English composers, which are rarely or never played, for which he is equally deserving of praise. The sonata in A major of Mr. Macfarren, which, until M. Billet played it, was never

played, except by Mr. W. H. Holmes, at Mr. Macfarren's own concerts in 1843; the grand sonata by Beethoven, Op. 106 (in B flat), and the fantasia in A major by Mr. Sterndale Bennett, which no other pianist has attempted in public (at least in London), would alone entitle M. Billet to the good opinion of musicians, to say nothing of the rich stores of intellectual recreation he has laid open to the public, in the neglected works of Dussek, Steibelt, Woelfl, Pinto, &c., &c., &c. showing an amount of reading, a variety of taste, a boldness of adventure, and a facility of execution, for which he is surely entitled to the highest credit.

We are quite ready to admit that Mr. Lindsay Sloper might have introduced the sonatas of Pinto and Dussek (at his recent soirées), and that Mr. Bennett might have played the *Didone Abandonnata* had M. Billet never been heard of in this country; and here alone, we find it necessary to tender the *amende honorable*, which we do, both to Mr. Sloper and Mr. Bennett, with the utmost good feeling. The insinuation, however, that we wish to sow dissension among English professors, because we urge, what we have ever urged and shall continue to urge, that English musicians ought—in their professional capacity, be it clearly understood—to exercise a little more liberality towards each other, and display a little more regard for their mutual claims to consideration, is so illogical that we are inclined to look upon it as a joke, and to pay it no more attention than a joke deserves which, by any accident, finds its way into a serious discussion. It is not more our duty to uphold native musicians than it is our duty and our pleasure to exhort them to uphold each other. If such a principle be unsuited to individual policy and prejudice, we cannot help it; it is a good one for all that, and we must continue to maintain it.

MR. SILAS.

WE have been requested to publish the following letter, from an old and esteemed contributor:—

To the Editor of the Musical World.

SIR,—In this age of refinement, when so much talent, so much ability are seeking for distinction, it is indeed difficult for true genius, unprotected by friendship, unassisted by interest—and elbowed by those who discern it, yet are unwilling to acknowledge it—to command attention or to obtain from the public any approximation to a fair judgment or estimation of its merits, while those whose duty it is to proclaim the beauties and excellences of talent yet unknown, are so frequently called upon to confirm exaggerated opinions of excellence entertained by friends and patrons of authors and composers, in regard to works, not only of mediocrity, but of utter worthlessness, that they are apt to overlook the true coin among the vast quantity of baser metal, not so much from a deficiency of judgment, as from an indisposition to investigate, having the experience, that the applause of friendship and interest is ever, through fondness, erroneous, and, through kindness, misapplied.

I make these observations after perusing the last, but not the most important, productions of Mr. Silas, whose works have hitherto passed unnoticed in your page, but whose genius is so subtle and powerful, that sooner or later, in spite of all difficulties, whether arising from professional jealousies or the neglect of cri-

ties, must eventually become famous in the estimation of all lovers of art. Be it remembered by those who may be induced to examine them, that they do not produce equal effect at first with more sparkling compositions of infinitely less value; they do not (in the language of an eminent writer) strike, "but they have that rare and enduring merit which rises in estimation on every perusal." In the Nocturne before us, the subject and melody is a refined emanation from a cultivated mind; and if we but carefully follow the author's design and contrivance, we shall find his invention surprising our fancy, his masterly treatment captivating our judgment, and his expressive sentiment affecting the heart. But it is not my intention on the present occasion to give an analysis of this Nocturne, or of any other production of Mr. Silas, but simply to draw the attention of professors and connoisseurs to the works of one who has given higher promise of excellence than has been exhibited by any living composer in the same number of early productions.

INDICATOR.

We have seen the *Nocturne* of Mr. Silas, and are preparing a review of it, in conjunction with other works of that composer. Under the circumstances we must refrain from expressing any opinion in this place. We shall indeed be glad if the glowing anticipations of "Indicator" be justified by the future career of Mr. Silas; but, without prejudice, we greatly fear our correspondent is falling into the weakness of which he accuses others, in his first paragraph. When Mr. Silas made his debut, last season, at the Musical Union, as pianist, composer, and improviser, it can hardly be forgotten that he failed to realise the preparatory announcements in his favour—which of course we do not accuse "Indicator" of having helped to disseminate. What was then heard of his compositions only amounted to a few short pieces, and by these, however it might have been reasonable, it was hardly fair to judge him. Since that solitary public hearing, Mr. Silas has published a considerable number of works, all of which are in our possession, and all of which we have read with much interest. Meanwhile, pending the explicit declaration of our own opinion of their merits, it would hardly be more than just on the part of Mr. Ella to give Mr. Silas another chance at the Musical Union. He is coming up from Edinburgh shortly; and would, doubtless, be ready to play at the first meeting on the 2nd of April, if our memory serves. The integrity and stern independence of Mr. Ella in matters of art are well known, and no doubt he will accord Mr. Silas the opportunity of snatching those laurels which eluded his grasp last season, but may possibly adorn his forehead after a second trial. We shall say no more at present, but promise to return to the subject shortly—between now and when we shall be pleased to hear from "Indicator," if he has any good news to communicate.

MR. BRINLEY RICHARDS.

We have elsewhere quoted a review from the columns of the *Morning Herald*, of some of the recent pianoforte works of Mr. Brinley Richards, to which we call the attention of our readers, as confirmation, from a respectable quarter, of our own opinions respecting their merits, advanced in more than one article.

Reviews of Music.

"REDOWA BRILLANTE." By JACQUES HERZ. Rousselot & Co.

A Redowa by M. Jacques Herz should by no means be approached with the same loose confidence, the same placid indifference, which accompany us to the examination of the Redowas of ordinary composers. M. Jacques Herz—brother of the fertile and inventive Henri Herz, who is now rebuilding his fortune across the seas, in the New World—was long known in Paris as a successful composer of brilliant dance music for the pianoforte, and now in London, to draw conclusions from his Op. 60, seems inclined to make himself as well known as he was in the French capital, and, by the attractions offered on his own side, to protract his intimacy with the public to as lengthened a period as possible. The "Redowa Brillante" belies neither the substantive nor the adjective which compose its title. The object is attained, and, in such a manner as to deserve the epithet. The "Redowa" is a Redowa beyond mistake, but it is also unquestionably a "brilliant" Redowa, sufficiently showy and large to admit of a great appearance of display in the executant; and, on the other hand, sufficiently facile to give very little trouble to a tolerably expert performer. It is in the key of E flat, but even in the third line of the introduction, page 1, M. Herz shows his predilection for modulatory surprises, by the enharmonic change in the second bar, which leads to a doubtful flirtation between the parent key and that of its near neighbour, E, inhabiting half a story higher; the flirtation endures for four bars, and is then prettily abandoned by E, leaving E flat to the full enjoyment of its privileges. In page 8 of the Redowa itself, M. Herz has renewed this transient coquetry between the two keys, which begins and terminates in the same manner. The whole of this movement is exceedingly animated and effective, and cannot fail to please, if executed with anything like accuracy and decision.

"THE MIDSHIPMAN'S STAR." BALLAD.—Words by ROBERT KETCHIN—Music by SCIPION ROUSSELOT.—Rousselot and Co.

In this song, M. Rousselot, or rather, Mr. Robert Ketchin, the poet, or rather both together, are presumed to address Miss Dolby, whose name is inscribed upon the forehead of the title-page. We can readily imagine that were such a star shining in the heavens, in the course of a sea-y pilgrimage, that not a midshipman would ever be found in his hammock, while the Captain and Lieutenant would be continually on board to see whether the young officers were attending to their duties, or looking at the star, which latter would generally prove to be the case. The poet, Mr. Ketchin, in the first canto of his ballad, declares that the bright star of his boyhood "will ne'er be forgot whate'er be his lot;" and, in the second canto elaborates the same idea, concluding with the hope that "when his wanderings are o'er, he will find his bright star constant," and no longer be forced to stray beyond the influence of her beams. The thought is not new, but it is pithily told in flowing tetra-stich. M. Rousselot's music is what might be expected from him. His intention to be simple is evident, but the manner in which he combines simplicity with musical interest betrays the refinement of an elegant mind. M. Rousselot has found a quiet plaintive melody suited to the *contralto* register, sweet and graceful as well as vocal, and he has added an accompaniment which, amidst an entire absence of pretence, betrays in several nice points of harmony, and in its general conduct, the hand of the accomplished musician. We can heartily recommend this ballad to our concert vocalists.

"A SONG FOR AN ENGLISH FIRESIDE."—POETRY by G. DOUGLASS THOMPSON, Esq.—Music by EDWARD J. LODER.—Z. T. Purday.

A ballad in the strictest meaning of the term, unaffected and unassuming, but not the less attractive for that. Mr. Douglass Thompson has discoursed in comfortable verse, of a comfortable fire-side, and Mr. Loder has found a melody, which, while it is quite his own, might pass for an old English tune, so genuine is it, and so modest withal. Mr. Loder has a fine ear for the style *national*, in musical composition; hence the great popularity of so many of his ballads.

"SONG OF BROTHERHOOD." Translated from the French of ERNEST LACAN. The music from the French. Z. T. Purday.

The tendency of this song is excellent, and it might have been dedicated to Mr. Cobden instead of to Monsieur Drouyn de l'Huys; for, while Mons. Drouyn de l'Huys was Ambassador from the French Republic to the English Court, Mr. Cobden is delegate from the Goddess of Peace and Plenty to all the earth; his *insignia* are a cornucopia, an empty scabbard and a rusty pistol; with a golden tongue, he persuades the nations to universal brotherhood and a frugal exercise of natural appetites, indigestion and blue pill being out of his escutcheon, since his excess of bile runneth out upon his tongue, into phrases that set forth the beauty of love, the wisdom of grasped hands, and the manifest inconvenience of hard knocks. M. Ernest Lacan, who quotes Beranger (and puts *main* in the masculine—"le main,") the Acts, 17, 26, John, 8, 32, and *Ibid*, 13, 35—M. Ernest Lacan, of whom we never heard before (nor of C. H. P., who has cleverly reduced him into English), is evidently a follower of the sleek and bulbous school of Cobden, and carries an olive branch in his hand (instead of a battle-axe,) with which he inflicts soft wounds, that make the heart bleed tears (not Thiers), and the well-fed frame exude the oil of brotherhood, diminishing its individual adiposity, casting its own superfluous excrescence (tautology—never mind!) in favour of the lean and scant of blood, so that the whole human race shall in the end (the millennium) be of the same fatness, and "with oleaginous flanks," (to quote a late eloquent editor of the *Court Journal*) eat—now corn, now meat, drink—now beer, now wine, &c. &c.—and that, as Hobbes the philosopher foresees, in the last book of his "Leviathan," there shall be no more hunger nor ill-blood. All this is well set forth, and lustily apostrophised, in M. Lacan's poetry, as presented to us through the medium of C. H. P.'s translation. The music, a choral trio, or a trio simple, as may suit convenience, is of the same stamp, bold and uncompromising; but, in the third bar of the opening symphony, there is a chromatic passage, ascending in the treble and descending in the bass, which would be much more agreeable if the bass were omitted and a simple chord of the 7th substituted, thereby averting a harsh and disagreeable counter progression, in which the right hand and the left hand seem to be in deadly conflict, and musically upset the unwarlike argument of the poet. The "Song of Brotherhood" is not the only one which has been suggested by the noted speech of M. Drouyn de l'Huys, at the Great Exhibition Meeting of February the 21st, 1850, and by no means the worst.

"THE HOMES OF MERRY ENGLAND." Ballad, written by MRS. HEMANS. Music by EDWARD DEARLE, Mus. Doc.—Z. T. PURDAY.

This ballad has already reached a second edition, and, moreover helps to destroy a prejudice that obtains somewhat widely, encouraging the dogma, that doctors in music are precluded, by the nature of their doctorships, from composing any other kind of music than a dry, learned, slow, and contrapuntal music. But here is a doctor, Dr. Dearle, who has set Mrs. Hemans' fine lyric (somewhat mangled, be it excepted) to as homely, and vigorous, and natural, and telling, and solid, and unelaborated a tune as could possibly be desired in a straightforward English ballad. In short, the melody is genial, which, had we stated it at first, would have spared the above catalogue of adjectives, since to be "genial" comprehends them all. To add, that Doctor Dearle's accompaniments are perfectly well written were superfluous, since he is a doctor, and knows to write correctly; but, as we have added it, it may stand, with the further proviso, that they are not merely correct, but flowing and graceful, endowing the melody with extra interest.

"WILT THOU BE TRUE?" Duet for Soprano and Contralto. Poetry by ELIZA COOK. Music by JOHN BARNETT.—Z. T. PURDAY.

The poem of Eliza Cook, to which Mr. John Barnett has set his music, is not a common poem. Like one we have elsewhere no-

ticed, it involves a series of questions. Miss Cook asks a flower in her garland, will it be true?—a billow, upon which her bark is riding, will it be true?—the heaven that shines, will it be true?—and her own (Miss Cook's) bosom, will it be true? The flower answers with falling leaves; the billow, with a sea-weed shroud; the heaven, with thunder-clouds; but the bosom with "affection's sigh," which shames alike the scented bloom, the dancing wave, the glittering sky; for it (the bosom) is true, and we are left to suppose, by the poetess, that the others are false, because they change, which, after all, is very shallow reasoning. Let Miss Cook think deeper, and she will find that the flower, the billow, and the heaven, are true, because they change, and changing still, assume their ancient forms, and so on to eternity, which nor begins, nor ends; and, moreover, she will find that the bosom alone is false, because it changes, and because its change is once and for all, and brings back no return of what has gone before. In the second edition Miss Cook may, if she please, modify the tone of her verses to this philosophy, which she can easily do by altering a few of the monosyllables.

Mr. John Barnett's music is in the ordinary form of English chamber duets, although the *solo* points for either voice are rarer than usual. The melody (in E flat) is fluent and hearty, if not strikingly new in all its bearings, and the voicing, while remarkably simple, is complete and harmonious. It is written for a *soprano* and *contralto*, and does well for both voices, lending itself readily and cheerfully to social harmony. It is a capital duet for the drawing-room. We do not greatly like the opening symphony, especially the B flat, in the top line of the first bar; but this is a pure matter of taste, and since the rest of the duet is irreplicable, our allusion to it may possibly be regarded as hypercritical.

"LOVING POLKA." JOHN WEIPPERT. Charles Jefferys.

John Weippert's "Loving Polka" is worthy of the name of Weippert, which is saying not a little. The first theme is a very lively one, and the cornet-à-piston solo, which serves for *trio*, sets it off by an agreeable contrast. Nothing can be easier to perform.

"LO! ON THE MOUNTAIN'S HEIGHT; OR, THE HUNTER'S WILD MOUNTAIN LAY." Poetry by J. H. JEWELL. Composed by ALEXANDER LEE.—B. Williams.

To Mr. Jewell's unpretending and neatly-written verses Mr. Alexander Lee has adapted a melody equally unpretending; but, amidst its unpretence, a certain decision of character would seem to declare the continued possession of a genuine and valuable quality to which this gentleman originally owed his popularity, and his position, as one of the best of English ballad writers. The ballad before us is as good in every respect as many from the same pen that have gained a deserved and more than ordinary success. The accompaniment, as in most of Mr. Alexander Lee's ballads, is well written, and the range of the melody brings it within compass of the majority of voices.

"UNE FETE AUX CHAMPS."—EMILE PRUDENT.—Campbell, Ransford, & Co.

Amateur players unable to execute the ordinary compositions of M. Prudent, who ranks among the modern "lions" of the piano, can scarcely do better, should they be disposed to make acquaintance with his music, than possess themselves of *Une Fête aux Champs*, a quiet *pastorale*, in F major, for the pianoforte, only four pages in length, without any crudities, and remarkably easy to perform. For our part, we avow that we like this piece better than any other by Prudent of which we have knowledge. Perhaps its brevity recommends it to us. We are sure its prettiness and facility will recommend it to others.

"DREAMS, DREAMS, ENCHANTING DREAMS." Words by J. J. REYNOLDS. Music by J. R. LING. T. E. Purday.

Without being dreamy, there is a certain suavity about Mr. Ling's arrangement of the present song, which is in keeping with the subject; in addition to which a neat arpeggio accompaniment,

first verse in single notes, the second in double, and the third replaced by chords, developed with much taste and musical feeling, enhances the interest of the melody, while clothing it in a gay suit of harmony. This song, which is dedicated to the accomplished Miss Camilla Toulmin, (now, alas, no longer Miss, but Mrs. Newton Crossland) is adapted to the register of a contralto voice, and we recommend it forthwith to Miss Dolby, Miss Williams, and Mrs. Noble.

"ARE WE LESS HAPPY NOW." Words by R. W. ROWLEY. Music by CHARLES W. GLOVER. T. E. Purday.

There is an Italian feeling about the melody of this song, which is further developed in the Bellini-like accompaniment of triplet-arpeggios and the sentimental key of A flat. The song, however, is a very good one of its class, and there is a certain graceful flow about the melody, and a studied simplicity in the accompaniment, which will recommend it alike to concert singers panting for distinction, and amateurs eager for the modest plaudits of the private circles in which they move.

"THE ROSE OF ELLESMERE." Words by EDWARD MORDAUNT SPENCER. Music by W. G. SEVERN. H. White.

There are no characteristics observable in this song to which the critic's vocabulary can give verbal expression. It is easy to sing, and the accompaniment is easy to play, and that is all we have to adduce—except a suggestion to Mr. Severn, to reconstruct bar 1, page 3; where he has, no doubt unintentionally, left consecutive octaves (B—A, B—A), between the voice part and the bass.

"FREEDOM, LIGHT, AND LOVE."—Poetry freely translated by H. Hermanson.—Music arranged by E. J. W. Z. T. Purday.

From whatever source this little song is derived we know not, nor can we guess what Mr. E. J. W. means by "arranging" the music. Suffice it, the melody is fresh and pretty, and the accompaniment exceedingly musicianlike. The words too—which involve a request to "the woodlark" on the part of the poet to stay with him, the poet, which the woodlark declines, preferring a bath in "the streamlet that runneth along;" a second request to the flower "to grow in the shade," which the flower declines, preferring the sunlight, upon which depends the variety and brightness of its (the flower's) hues; and a last request to the fond heart to be as cold as snow, which the fond heart declines, preferring "love," whether wild like the storm wind, or mild like the moon, (the idea of asking a heart not to beat is peculiarly German)—at once betray their Teutonic origin. Although conceits, the ideas are quaint, and although no human being, in any conceivable mood, stormy, moony, no matter what, would ever think of making such demands upon the common sense and good feeling of a "woodlark," a "flower," and a "fond heart," the German poet has so daintily poised them in the see-saw of his rhyme, and Mr. Hermanson, in his "free translation," has so closely confined himself within the limits of the original idea, that the questions look natural, and the answers of the objects, animate and inanimate, sound both witty and true. Much of the charm, however, is due to the music, "arranged" by E. J. W., which is really attractive. At the same time we have some right to complain of the translator for concealing the name of the poet, and of the arranger for suppressing that of the musician; thus tacitly assuming a credit to themselves which evidently belongs to others.

"THE VESPER HYMN," Arranged for the Pianoforte, and Dedicated to Lady Taunton.—BRINLEY RICHARDS.—Olivier.

Under this modest title, Mr. Richards presents us with a *fantasia* of novel form, remarkable for originality of effect. An introduction in F, in which fragments of the melody are displayed in full harmony, alternated with brief *allegro* passages, *capriccioso*, leads to an episode, in which the idea of the bell that tolls for vespers is poetically indicated. The well-known tune is then led through a series of variations, or *ricercate*, or changes, in all of which the *traits de bravoure* are different, and

skillfully contrasted, while the keys of D flat and A flat are judiciously employed in some of them, to relieve the monotony that would otherwise arise from the constant adherence to the original tone. The variations are graceful and showy, increasing in brilliancy up to the climax, which involves a capital *echantillon* of the Thalbergian pattern. Mr. Richards has shown an extended acquaintance with the resources of the *clavier* in this *morceau*, and the utmost ingenuity in maintaining an easy variety of style during the continuous repetition of the melody over the space of eight pages. The only fault of "The Vesper Hymn" is its brevity.

Provincial.

GLASGOW.—When Mr. Julian Adams put forth the project of a series of chamber concerts, all musicians felt that he had struck a proper chord, and were assured that he would sustain his harmony in a right spirit. It is no little difficulty in a city like this to walk from the common path. In music, especially, we have not been accustomed to the classic, but there are some among us who both understand and feel the power of the great masters; if they are only a few. To elevate taste in any art, is to create a new want; but that can be supplied by the cause which induces its existence. Mr. Julian Adams, by establishing chamber-concerts, is doing what few would have had the boldness to attempt; and fewer the courage to continue. He is opening to musical Glasgow a new source of gratification, study, and improvement. As a pianist himself, and an ardent lover of his art, he knows how and what to select. The concert on Tuesday evening was composed of excellent materials, and demonstrated how popular classical music may become, if carefully brought before the public. The programme included, Quartett, Beethoven; German Song—Herr Müller, Schmück; Trio, Op. 34, in B. flat, Mayr; Solo on the Violoncello, M. Hausman; Quartett, No. 75, Haydn; German Song—Herr Müller, Scholz; Septuor, Op. 74, arranged as a Quintett, for piano-forte, violin, tenor, violoncello, and bass—Hummel. The instrumental performers were, Messrs. Julian Adams, Hildd Schmück, Hausman, and Bushez. Herr Müller was the singer. Mr. Julian Adams's performance on the harmonium was full of that expression which marks all his effects. Mr. Schmück's violin, Mr. Hausmann's violoncello, and the double bass of Mr. Bushez, were played with admirable skill and discrimination; and Mr. Hill's tenor was unsurpassable. In fact, the concert was such an one as is rarely given in this city. It was the first of a series which we hope to have renewed, again and again, under the same able management. —Daily Mail.

PLYMOUTH.—(From our own Correspondent.)—I believe you expect some account of the musical doings here. We have been a low water mark for some time, and but for the occasional visits of M. Jullien, we should forget that such things as full orchestras, Beethoven, Mozart, &c., were ever in existence. But I do not despair; I still hope that amongst the many rich families residing here, there will be found some spirited enough, and possessed of sufficient good taste, to establish an institution which may relieve us from the odium of being so far behind most of the small towns of the empire in our appreciation of the fine arts. The great success of M. Jullien shows that it is not mal-organization on the part of the inhabitants of Plymouth that prevents us from more frequently enjoying entertainments of the kind, but the absence of a guiding power to direct the public, and reclaim them from habits more expensive for the pocket, and ruinous to mind and body; habits which influence the middle classes in nearly as great a degree as their poorer brethren. The two concerts given by M. Jullien at the theatre were crowded to excess, and the attention bestowed on the performance sufficiently demonstrated the capacity and willingness of the audience to appreciate. I am pleased that M. Jullien should be liberally supported; he has done perhaps more than any one to spread a musical taste amongst the British public, and deserves to reap the benefit of such praiseworthy endeavours. I only regret that his visits to Plymouth are so "few and far between"—once or twice a year at the utmost. I do not think that he has ever before presented so attractive a programme

as on the present occasion. He did not come "alone and unattended," but accompanied by Mdlle. Jetty Treffz, M. Vivier, an army of instrumentalists, and a regiment of French drummers. I confess I was somewhat sceptical as to the propriety of introducing such belligerent characters into a theatre of small dimensions, but the result proved that M. Jullien understands his business so well, that were a grindstone placed in his orchestra, he would make it discourse "most eloquent music." This being the second visit of Mdlle. Jetty Treffz, there was some curiosity to know whether she would be as successful as she was last year. You may remember that I wrote to you, and my opinion was that she was a charming singer, an opinion which her second visit has entirely confirmed. I think she sings even better than before. Her style is distinguished by purity and elegance, and she possesses an artistic and, if I may so express it, a lady-like manner of singing which cannot fail to enlist the sympathies of the audience. Her acquaintance with so many languages has given her command over an unusually extensive repertoire, and few of our native artists articulate their words more distinctly and intelligibly than Jetty Treffz, whose English, Scotch, and Irish ballads are perfect. She was encored in all her songs. The popular German lied, "Trab, trab," was demanded on two different occasions. Amongst the novelties of the evening, was the first appearance, in public, of Miss Emily Newcombe, daughter of our respected manager, and a young pianist of considerable talent. Miss Newcombe is a pupil of M. Thalberg, and has turned to good account the instructions of her master. She evinces a remarkable aptitude for the mechanism of the key-board, and plays with neatness and good expression. She was encored on both evenings. M. Vivier's reception was such as would have satisfied the most greedy lover of applause. His performance excited the utmost astonishment, and he was enthusiastically applauded and encored. The name and talents of the clever artist of M. Jullien's band are so well known to your readers, that to say they played well would be to repeat a fact known to every musical amateur in the kingdom. Report says that M. Jullien is about to visit America; I trust he will not go without paying us a farewell visit. I am sure the public would not allow him to take his leave without offering him some substantial proof of their good opinion. His musical friends in Plymouth heartily wish him success in all his undertakings.

STAFFORD.—(From a Correspondent.)—The members of the Choral Society gave their first public performance of sacred music on Tuesday evening, the 25th ult., in the Shire Hall. The selections comprised many choice morceaux from Handel's *Messiah* and *Judas Maccabeus*. In "Comfort ye my people," Mr. Pearsall—one of the first singers in the provinces—sang with his wonted power and artistic feeling, and produced the greatest effect. "Thy rebuke hath broken his heart," and "Sound an alarm" were also given with the greatest energy and good taste. Mrs. Bull, late Miss Cole, of the Royal Academy, now a resident professor of Birmingham, was the soprano. In "There were Shepherds" she gave the recitative in admirable style, but her voice has scarcely power enough to "Rejoice greatly." Her remaining songs left nothing to be desired. The other principal vocalists were Mr. A. Salt and Mr. Capion, who sang in a highly creditable manner, and with study, as likely to become useful members of the profession. The choruses were given with great precision, particularly "For unto us Hallelujah," "O Father," and "Sing unto God." Mr. H. P. Inter was the principal violin; Mr. Edwin Shargool, organist of St. Mary's, conductor. Mr. Shargool, who was also Chorus Master, deserves great praise for the pains he had bestowed in getting up the performance, and for the general arrangements of the orchestra. The Hall was crowded, there being near eight hundred persons present. This success should induce the Choral Society to afford the inhabitants of Stafford and the neighbourhood more frequent opportunities of hearing the works of the best masters.

A NATIONAL OPERA.

(From a Correspondent.)

Among the many preparations in the musical world to inaugurate the season of 1851 in a becoming manner, is anything

to be done to rescue English Opera from its slough of despond? Are the expected millions to find every amusement in London except that which they would naturally look for in a capital where, let the malcontents dissent as they will, Music is sought after and most frequently appreciated, when it merits public favour?

It must be admitted that it is an anomaly when music is so widely patronised as it is in England, that there should be no National Opera; such a circumstance reflects on our patriotism (if in these times such a word may be allowed), and leads us to ask to what we are to attribute its decadence—where look for the cause of its neglect?

The musical profession would endeavour too frequently to persuade us that it is solely owing to the English bias in favor of everything foreign,—“a Prophet hath no honour in his own country”—but we must in candour own that if there is, unhappily for English artistes, too great a bias in favour of foreign talent it is in a measure to be attributed to the greater spirit and resources of the managers who cater for the public in that department, but principally to the undeniable superiority of the whole undertaking—we allude now, of course, to the Italian Operas—the houses themselves, their equipments, *mises-en-scène*, magnificent orchestras, and general prestige, with the company that frequent them, the frequent presence of Royalty, the rigid regulations as to dress (the non-observance of which at the Theatres detracts from the brilliancy of the *tout-ensemble*), and the attention to convenience, comfort, and luxury, combine to impress the aristocracy and wealth of the country in favour of Italian Opera.

In fact, the merits of the Italian Opera in a musical point of view, though a powerful attraction to many, would be far less so to the majority, were it not that Fashion (the tutelary deity of society) renders it an agreeable lounge where the world can go to see and be seen.

We apprehend that little can be done to resuscitate English Opera, until managers can be found of good judgment, free from prejudice, and backed up with sufficient capital to enable them to concert a scheme that will offer an inducement to the nobility and the public to fill up the subscription list handsomely, which they will be chary of doing until confidence is restored by the sight of a promising prospectus. When the Grand National Concerts were first propounded, many felt a regret that the capital so spent should not have been dedicated to a more legitimate object; but when time revealed more clearly, as the Concerts progressed, the evil effects of divided councils, the want of a directing hand to bring their great resources into action, and make the most of their advantages, when we witnessed, in short, the ultimate failure of the speculation, which had been ushered into the world with such high-flown protestations, we were not sorry that the scheme of a National Opera had not undergone the disastrous consequences of such an ordeal. In all cases of mismanagement, when success depends as much on judgment as on zeal, defend us from too many cooks—or, at least, let there be a *chef-de-cuisine* to superintend their cooking.

To be censorious, however, on questions apart from the subject in hand, is not our intention. Time has thrown its shadow over the past, and with it success and failure and their causes are alike fast sinking into oblivion; but let it not be forgotten that in the annals of the past we must read the index of the future, and by the aid of experience learn to shape our course so as to avoid those errors which have paralysed the efforts of our predecessors, and entailed defeat.

Thus far we have done little more than introduce the subject of English Opera to the consideration of our readers; on a future occasion we shall endeavour to enter into the discussion

of a question so interesting to the musical profession generally, and so importantly affecting the welfare of our talented native composers, who have no field for their abilities, no stimulus to exertion, the hope of being able to bring their works in such a manner before the public as to enable the world to form an impartial judgment of their merits being altogether fallacious.

(To be continued.)

Dramatic Intelligence.

HAYMARKET.—The re-appearance of Mr. James Wallack, on Monday evening, attracted a large concourse of the friends and admirers of the accomplished and versatile actor (or "comprehensive" as Sir Lytton has it), whose late serious illness deprived the stage for so long a time of one of its brightest ornaments. The complaint with which Mr. James Wallack was seized some months ago was of so serious a nature that, at one time, it was feared he would never be able to appear again before the public. With care and good attendance, however, he rallied, and the physicians having pronounced him thoroughly recovered and in a fit condition to resume his professional avocations, he was announced for Monday night in his favorite character, Don César de Bazan. The house was crowded in every part, and the reception awarded to Mr. Wallack when he came on was universal and enthusiastic. In looks and person we did not espy those symptoms of change or falling off, so natural to expect after a long and severe illness. In power, energy, and vivacity Mr. James Wallack was certainly himself; nor did we ever see him go through Don César de Bazan with more unflinching spirit, or with greater freedom and ease in his deportment. The performance, of its kind, was an inimitable specimen of roughness, light-heartedness, coolness, courage, fire, caution, self-possession and kindness, all elaborated in one complete and satisfactory whole. Perhaps Mr. James Wallack never was so happy in his performance of Don César de Bazan as on Monday night. He certainly never produced more effect. He was applauded pertinaciously and vehemently in every scene, and was called for at the fall of the curtain to receive a deafening shout of applause.

Mr. Webster is a lucky man. Having lost one great popular favorite he has found another, at a moment too when there were reasons for apprehending he had bidden adieu to the stage for ever. Mr. James Wallack's restoration to the boards is a decided public boon. His services are invaluable, and his place could not be filled up. We trust his undeniable talents may supply us with food for criticism for many years to come.

Mr. James Wallack appeared on Tuesday evening as Rover in *Wild Oats*. In rattling and animated parts like Rover, Mr. Wallack is the undoubted successor of Elliston, and is their only living representative. We have no deep veneration for such conventional crackbrains as Messrs. Rover & Co., nor for the plays of which they constitute the heroes; nor should we feel a serious deprivation if they were quietly removed into the dust-hole of oblivion; nevertheless, played by such an artist as Mr. James Wallack, even Rover becomes interesting, and the play, having one point of attraction, must, to a certain extent, engage the attention. After all, we should prefer seeing our old favorite in Don César de Bazan, the Brigand, or any of the many modern characters which have been written with an especial eye to his talents—not omitting his Shaksperian parts, such as Edgar, Petruchio, Macduff, and others, which are first-rate.

On Thursday, Miss Laura Addison made her first appearance at this theatre for three years, as Mariana in Sheridan

Knowles' Wife. This lady has undoubted capacities to become a first-rate actress; and it will be her own fault if she is not one. At present she has much to learn, and something to unlearn. Miss Laura Addison is highly prepossessing, both in face and figure. She has a good voice, and plenty of energy, and her conceptions show her judgment to be generally correct; but her delivery is too formal and precise to appear natural, while her endeavor to give force, not merely to every word, but to every syllable, becomes more than monotonous. Parts of her Mariana were exceedingly good, and obtained loud applause. If Miss Laura Addison would overcome the above defects, we see no reason why she should not become one of the most popular actresses of the day. Mr. James Wallack played Julian St. Pierre in the most admirable manner.—To-night Mr. J. W. Wallack makes his first appearance in *Othello*.

PRINCESS'S.—Dion Bourcicault, in his new comedy, produced on Thursday night, has taken higher ground than in any former production; for—whereas his previous works display little or no attempt at grasping with the tangible and real, affording merely a superficial bird's-eye view of society as exhibited through the *camera lucida* of his own imagination—the new play has a direct purpose (not a *moral*, be it understood—your *moral* but leads to the ultra-sentimental), is written with earnestness, and carried out with sincerity. In such plays as *London Assurance*, *Old Heads and Young Hearts*, and the *School for Scheming*, built somewhat on the model of Vanbrugh, Congreve, and Cibber, Dion Bourcicault appeared to set at nought the serious side of life's picture; or, taking it into consideration, treated it either with levity, from want of incitement to his task, or with bathos, from an over-eagerness to effect that in which his feelings had to concern. In *Love in a Maze*, on the contrary, we find the author setting his heart to work, eschewing the mawkishly sentimental, and arriving at the end of his labours by honest and legitimate means. We have no character drawn for the sole purpose of impersonating a folly, no scene bolstered up to display the keen encounter of two wits, no foible caricatured to make the boxes smile, no vice lashed to make the pit growl approbation, no incident introduced to suggest claj-trap surprises and conciliate the heathen deities in the galleries. It must be confessed, nevertheless, that Dion Bourcicault has not attained these results without surrendering some of those attractions by which he has won his dramatic reputation. While *Love in a Maze* has gained largely in sense, soundness, and solidity, (never mind the alliteration) it may be said to have lost something in point, brilliancy, and novelty. Not that the new play does not possess those felicities of the writer's style, but that they are less abundant than in his former productions. Whether the public will prefer the earnestness and straight-forward aim of the present comedy to the glitter, sparkle, pungency, and, at the same time, non-seriousness of its predecessors, time alone can show. For our part, we hail *Love in a Maze* with entire gratification in the pleasure it has afforded us, and with a full anticipation that it is but the forerunner of still greater things. Dion Bourcicault has discovered a new vein in the mine of his imagination. Let him work assiduously and carefully, and the product may be beyond his most sanguine expectations.

The story of *Love in a Maze* is exceedingly simple and may be told in a few words. Sir Abel Buckethorne (Mr. Addison), of Buckethorne Chase, in the county of Norfolk, is a jolly old country squire, who has a nephew, Colonel Herbert Buckethorne (Mr. Charles Kean), whom he has educated as his heir, and for whom he has destined Lucy (Mrs. Charles Kean), the daughter and heiress of a friend, as his bride from

infancy. Rupert and Lucy have been brought up together from childhood with the full knowledge of the Squire's intention. The young couple separate for years. Rupert goes to the wars, and Lucy betakes herself to London where she soon grows into a fine town lady in every sense of the term. The time arrives when the betrothed pair are to be united. Rupert beholds the frigid and unmoving lady of fashion with indifference. Lucy regards Rupert with a stronger feeling. She looks upon him as the man who is about to wrench her from all to which her heart clings. Besides, she fancies herself in love with Lord Miniver (Mr. A. Wigan), longs to become a peeress of the realm, and turns with loathing from her intended rustic retirement, to the brilliant world of fashion she is compelled to abandon, and of which she constituted one of the most splendid ornaments. The young couple, however, are married. But Lord Miniver is determined not to lose his idol so easily. The very day of the marriage, he contrives to pick a quarrel with Rupert. They fight directly after the ceremony, unknown to the lady. Rupert wounds his lordship, and is constrained to remain beside him. A message is dispatched to the bride, who journeys down to Buckethorne Chase alone, while Rupert arrives at the same place, taking Lord Miniver with him. An understanding, cunningly fostered by Lord Miniver, takes place between the young married couple, in which they mutually own their indifference and agree to a separation. This restraint laid aside, they become admirable friends. Thrown into the society of Rupert and Lord Miniver, Lucy soon finds the difference between real worth and pretension, and her heart becomes insensibly attached to her husband. Rupert, on his side, is surprised and astonished at the change that has come over the town-bred lady. Transplanted from the hothouse of the metropolis, this lovely flower has assumed a fresher bloom and expanded into a newer beauty. But, more than all, the heart, numbed by the conventionalities of fashion, becomes invigorated with a more healthful life. The whole nature of the girl is changed. She sees with unaccustomed eyes, and betrays, for the first time, a deep sensibility. Rupert beholds and laments. He has cast aside a jewel he can never regain; its parallel the world can never offer him. Rupert and Lucy have pledged their words; they must sign the deed of separation. They demanded it themselves; there is no retreating. In a scene of great beauty, the luckless pair subscribe their names, and are plunged into remorse. The *dénouement* is obvious. Rupert discovers that Lucy loves him and not Lord Miniver, and Lucy discovers that Rupert loves her and nobody else, and so they are made happy with overflowing hearts.

There are two underplots; one in which Mr. Tony Nettle-top (Mr. Keeley) is made to re-fall in love with Lady Aurora Fullalove (Mrs. Winstanley), a widow, whom, when a girl, he affected even to matrimony, but being refused for a more favourite suitor, was driven into a confirmed hatred of woman-kind in general, and Lady Aurora in particular. The lady, however, nets him in the end. Tony Nettle-top is a highly amusing personage, and engages the hearty sympathies of the audience, more especially in his assays of wit with my Lord Miniver. Keeley sparkles in the part like a crown jewel. The other underplot is supported by Mrs. Keeley and Mr. Harley, the one, Lucy's chambermaid, the other, Tony Nettle-top's valet, who manœuvre to get married and established in life. The character of Faith Larkpur, Mrs. Keeley's part, is admirably written. Mopus, played by Harley, is not so important, but it is highly amusing. The meeting between Faith and Mopus is, to our thinking, the best written scene in the play. It is after Dion Bourcicault's most brilliant and surprising manner.

A glance at the cast will shew how finely the comedy was acted. Mr. and Mrs. Charles Kean had parts to set off their talents to the greatest possible advantage. Lucy is just the character to adapt itself to the truthfulness, earnestness, and inimitable pathos of Mrs. Charles Kean. The Rupert of Mr. Charles Kean was admirable. His rebuke to Lord Miniver was dignified and imposing, while the passionate passages were given with more than his usual force and impressiveness. We must praise Mr. A. Wigan for his Lord Miniver. It was not more gentlemanly than easy. Mr. Addison was good in the old knight; Mrs. Winstanley excellent in the captivating widow, and Mrs. Keeley incomparable in Faith.

The scenery was magnificent, and the dresses costly and appropriate.

The greatest enthusiasm prevailed upon the fall of the curtain, and all the actors having appeared, a call was made for the author, when, after some delay, Mr. Charles Kean led on Mr. Bourcicault, who was received with universal cheers.

ADELPHI.—The new drama—*Belphegor*—keeps its hold on the public mind. The piece, however, which occupies three hours and a half, is much too long; the first act, in particular, hangs fire a good deal. The acting, comic and serious, is excellent. Madame Celeste and Miss Woolgar are pearls of the first water, and Mr. Webster stands no need of such eulogy as we could offer. Miss Woolgar—allowing for a little exuberance, pardonable enough in characters of this sort—was as arch and buoyant as ever. Her vivacity is the more grateful to the audience from the touches of feeling with which she never fails to mingle it whenever she has an opportunity. Her sympathy with the bereaved, broken-hearted Mountebank was given with a truth and delicacy which evinces a latent power in the expression of pathos, which we hope to see further developed. The costumes in this piece are splendid and various. The last dresses, in particular, of Miss Woolgar and Madame Celeste, are unique for elegance, appropriateness, and variety.

Foreign.

PARIS.—(From our Correspondent.)—The success of *La Tempesta* was perilled on the first night by an accident to Rosati. In the opening scene, while the charming danseuse was executing some rapid steps, she suddenly uttered a cry, and fell. The "machiniste" had neglected to close one of the traps, and it was lucky, indeed, that Rosati came off "quits" with a severe blow, which, though she resolutely disregarded during the evening, dancing until the end of the opera (and Ariel is a very fatiguing part), has disabled her from appearing since. The impression produced by Rosati was very great. She had not, in Paris, to undergo the difficult ordeal of a comparison with the incomparable Carlotta Grisi. Lablache's Caliban is as grand as ever, and Gardoni is decidedly an improvement upon Baucarde, if the general opinion of those who witnessed *La Tempesta* in London be entitled to consideration. Colini stood in place of Coletti, and Mlle. Ida Bertrand, Mad. Giuliani and Mad. Sontag assumed their original parts. The *mise en scène* is excellent (though not nearly so gorgeous as in London), and the opera is much improved by the omission of the last act, and the transposition of the *dénouement* to the third, immediately after Lablache's drunken scene. M. Halévy has composed a new *cabaletta* to Mad. Sontag's first *cavatina*, which relieves it of monotony, but is somewhat too like the *rondo finale*. Whether *La Tempesta* may be pronounced successful or not, it would be premature to decide.

At the Grand Opera, *L'Enfant Prodigue* has been given once this week, and Mlle. Masson has made her *réentrée* as

Leonore in *La Favorite*. This young lady is a great favorite with the public, and not undeservedly. Laurent, a baritone from Brussels, was Balthazar. He is rather common in style, but does not want for vigor. In the dances Mdle. Taglioni, who is to play the part of the *Almée* in the *Enfant Prodigue*, in London, exhibited a high degree of talent. Fernand is decidedly the best part of Roger, who sings "Ange d'Amour" divinely. At the Opera Comique the run of *La Dame de Pique* has been stopped by the influenza, which has attacked both Mdme. Ugalde and Mdme. Lefebvre; meanwhile, however, Grisar's new *bouffonnerie*, entitled *Bon Soir, Mons. Pantalon*, has made a great hit, and fills the theatre nightly. The *Caid* of Thomas has also been played to a large receipt.

De Beriot is in Paris, where it is his intention to introduce three of his pupils, who play his concertos in unison, and produce, says report, "more effect among them than an entire orchestra!" Signor Alary, well known in London, has an opera in three acts accepted at the *Italiens*. Mdle. Alaymo, and Signor Coletti are daily expected. With Mdle. Alaymo will come her *caro amico*, Signor Zacchi, a barytone, from Modeno. Duprez, having left the *Conservatoire*, his class is now superintended by M. Bataille of the Opera Comique. Auber has selected *Don Giovanni* for the annual performance of the advanced pupils of the *Conservatoire*. At the last concert of M. Berlioz, a young pianist from Prague, Mdle. Clauss, produced a great sensation, although she played some very bad music by Wilmers after Beethoven's sonata in F minor. The fragments of *Romeo & Juliette*, the *chef d'œuvre* of Berlioz, were more admired than ever. The *scherzo* ("Queen Mab") made a *furor*. Between the *adagio* and the *scherzo* two young ladies, dressed in white, left their seats, and advancing to the orchestra, placed a satin cushion at the feet of M. Berlioz, upon which was a laurel crown in gold; an offering to the composer of *Romeo and Juliette*. Mde. Viardot sang "Non piu mesta," with her own variations, and some Spanish melodies. At the *Société de l'Union*, directed by M. Felicien David, a new symphony (the 2nd,) by M. Theodore Gouvy, was very well received; Mdle. Vercken, a new singer, displayed remarkable vocal facility in an air from *Les Diamans de la Couronne*; Mdle. Krinitz played a *rondo* on the pianoforte, by Ries, with great talent, and was much applauded; and M. Soualle delighted every body with a solo on the *saxophone*, an instrument of delicious tone and very telling character, one of the most perfect of M. Sax's ingenious inventions.

The new drama of *Valerie*, in which Rachel plays two parts and sings a song, has been immensely successful at the *Theatre Français*. Rachel surpassed herself. More next time.

Cerito and her husband took their benefit and leave of the Opera on Friday. The performances included fragments from three of their most popular ballets; the operetta of *Rossignol*, by Mde Laborde, &c.; Sainville and Derval in *Embrassons nous Folleville*; and songs by Roger and Mde. Viardot. The soirée was a brilliant one.

At the fourth concert of the *Conservatoire* (by the *Société des Concerts*) Beethoven's symphony in A was given, together with a chorus of the 16th century, arranged by Mad. Farrenc; three pieces on the harp composed and played by Felix Godefroid, with great success (the *Dream*, the *Sylph-Dance*, and the *Carnival*); a "Benedictus" of Haydn; and the overture to *Oberon*. The *Andante* of the symphony was encored.

Mrs. Fanny Kemble Butler has terminated her "Readings" from Shakspeare. Her success has been one of "esteem."

P.S.—*La Tempesta* was played last night, for the second time, Rosati having recovered. The *Matrimonio Segretto* has been revived with great success. There is still nothing certain about M. Rosenhain's opera at the *Académie*. Will another car be added to his *twelve* of expectation?

GENOA.—Camillo Sivori is here, with his brother. Not having been at his native town for nearly three years, his time and attention are naturally occupied by his friends and relations, and he will probably remain here until he leaves for England, to assist at the Great Exhibition of All Nations.

Miscellaneous.

FAREWELL DINNER TO MACREADY.—This great event took place on Saturday, and passed off with the utmost *éclat*. Upwards of 600 sat down to dinner. Among the hosts were the Marquis of Lansdowne, the Prussian and the Belgian Ambassadors, Babington Macaulay, Charles Dickens, Alfred Tennyson, Douglas Jerrold, Thackeray, and a sprinkling of members of both Houses of Parliament. Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton presided in the chair. Speeches were made by the chairman, by the Prussian and Belgian Ambassadors, by Charles Dickens, Macready (in return for his health being proposed), &c. &c. Mr. Forster read a sonnet, written by Alfred Tennyson for the occasion. The affair was one of deep interest, and made a great impression on all present.

LONDON SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.—On Friday week the *Messiah* was repeated under Mr. Surman's direction, to a crowded audience. Miss Louisa Pyne sang the *soprano* songs for the first time at Exeter Hall, and produced a highly favorable impression.

MR. LUCAS.—This eminent musician has recommenced his interesting quartet meetings. At the second, on Thursday, Mendelssohn's last quartet in A minor (op. 13), was performed and heard with great delight. The executants were Messrs. Sainton, Blagrove, Hill, and Lucas.

SKINNER'S HALL.—At a Court dinner, on Thursday, at which the Recorder of London, the Sheriff Hodgkinson and a number of aldermen were present, an agreeable selection of music was given, under the superintendence of Mr. Bayley, assisted by Messrs. Young, Lockey, and Phillips. A correspondent has written us an account of the performances from which we have only space for the following short extract:—"I met my old friend, Henry Phillips, there other night at the Skinner's Hall, where he was permitted to delight his hearers only twice in the course of the evening. It was really a treat to hear an old favourite deliver himself with a distinctness and power that reflected honor on a school now unhappily almost extinct among our English singers. Phillips' articulation I consider in itself an important ingredient in the English school of singing. He not only possesses the art, but to such perfection that even those who are superior to him in voice become lost in comparison with him in style and purity of intonation. I have seldom heard a better song sung than that of 'Are we less happy now,' as rendered by Lockey. The rest of the musical arrangements, under the superintendence of Mr. Bayley, were characterised by the usual routine of merit."

MADAME and MR. OURY have returned to London from Paris. Although she declined giving a public concert, Madame Oury played in the first *salons* of Paris with a success commensurate to her distinguished talent.

MR. ALLCROFT'S CONCERT.—This concert exhibited the usual features of a "Monster Concert," viz., indifference to the order of the programme, absence of certain performers, and inordinate length. The audience was greeted on arrival by a handbill, announcing the fact of Herr Ernst being so unwell at Birmingham as to be disabled from undertaking a journey to London, and, consequently, that his non-appearance would be unavoidable. This mishap was not relished, nor the apology satisfactory, and Mr. Allcroft was obliged, after some disturbance, to state the facts, and to assure his hearers that he really had engaged this matchless violinist. The principal singers were Mesdames Angri, Birch, Dolby, Brandt, Pyne, K. Fitzwilliam, St. George, and Lowe, and Messrs. Harrison, Brandt, Stockhausen, Lefler, Tamburini, and Henry Drayton. Mr. Richardson performed a brilliant solo on the flute, receiving an encore, and Mr. Arban a solo on the cornet à piston. Master Heinrich Werner showed considerable talent in a grand fantasia upon the pianoforte, as also in an *andante* of Beethoven's. Frederick Chatterton displayed the mechanical capabilities of his harp in variations parodied from those of Herr Ernst upon "the

Carnaval." Encores were awarded to Miss K. Fitzwilliam, Mademoiselle Angri, Miss Pyne, Miss Birch, and Miss Dolby, for various songs. The hall was not crowded to the extent usual with Mr. Allcroft's concerts, but we imagine sufficiently so to prove a lucrative speculation to that gentleman. Except the disappointment consequent upon Herr Ernst's non-appearance, the concert went off quite satisfactorily.

MADAME MONTENEGRO.—This popular *Cantatrice*, who was received with such favour at *Her Majesty's Theatre* in the season of 1848, and previous to that at the *Scala*, at Milan, is engaged by Mr. Lumley for the *Italiens* at Paris, and makes her *debut*, with Signor and Madame Santiago, on Sunday next.

MR. KYALLMARK'S first *soirée* took place on Monday evening at the New Beethoven Rooms, before an elegant and crowded audience. Want of space compels us to postpone our remarks; suffice it, for the present, that everything went off correctly, and that Mr. Kyallmark's friends were highly delighted with the programme provided for them.

ANOTHER REPORT ABOUT JENNY.—"It is said that Jenny Lind," (says *Felix Farley* of Bristol), "instead of visiting London in July or August, has concluded to travel professionally in the United States for another season." [It may be "said," but it is not true for all that. *Felix Farley* has been deceived most probably by a "liar."—Ed.]

MR. WILLIAM WALLACE.—To night will introduce this gentleman to the London public; the play is *Othello*, and the part of the Moor will give ample scope to the young actor to display all the genius he may possess. Great interest attaches to his *debut*.

MISS ANNE ROMER, the talented vocalist, was married last week to Mr. Brough, the well known dramatic author.

GEORGE THOMSON.—This venerable and accomplished correspondent of Burns, expired at his residence in Leith Links, at the advanced age of 92. Mr. Thomson's early connection with the poet is universally known, and his Collection of Scottish Songs, for which many of Burns' finest pieces were originally written, has been before the public for more than half a century. His letters to the poet are incorporated with all the large editions of Burns.

SOCIETY OF ANCIENT BRITONS.—On St. David's Day, the 136th anniversary of this "most honourable and loyal Society" was celebrated by a Public Dinner at the Freemason's Tavern. In the absence of the President of the day, Sir Charles Morgan, Bart., the Hon. Col. Rice Trevor, M.P., occupied the chair, supported by the Bishop of Landaff, and a number of influential gentlemen connected with the Principality. The children of the Royal Welsh School entered the room shortly after the dinner, and paraded the hall in the national costume of the country. There are at present, according to the chairman's observations, about 130 boys and 70 girls supported and educated by this excellent charity. The annual income and expenditure of the Society amounts to nearly £3,000. The musical arrangements were, as usual, a very pleasing feature in the proceedings of the evening, and on this occasion infinitely superior to the arrangements of preceding years. For this, the Society is chiefly indebted to the enterprise of their stewards. The artists were Miss Poole, Miss Ransford, and a select party of gentlemen, who enlivened the intervals by some excellent concerted vocal music. The principal feature, however, of the entertainment, was the brilliant duet for piano and violin, admirably performed by M. Samton and Mr. Brimley Richards. This performance created a *furor* among the guests, which was unequivocally manifested by the most deafening plaudits. Both these eminent artists gave their gratuitous services in behalf of the charity. The clever performances of Mr. Ap Thomas on the harp also merits an especial remark—it was refreshing to hear his pure and skilful mechanism, after the "exhibitions" on that instrument at previous anniversaries. Miss Poole and Miss Ransford delighted the auditors with several songs and duets; nor should the pleasing manner in which the children sang the "ode" for the day, be passed over unchronicled. The subscriptions for the evening amounted to about eleven hundred guineas.

THALBERG is in Paris, where he has been sometime employed in the composition of his "new grand opera" for *Her Majesty's Theatre*.

MR. FREDERICK GYE has just returned to London, and we may immediately expect the issuing of the prospectus for the forthcoming season of the Royal Italian Opera, of which he is now sole director.

MR. W. REA'S SOIREE.—The second of these performances was given in the New Beethoven Rooms, on the 28th ult., and the programme was even better than the first. It commenced with Beethoven's Trio in E flat, No. 1, which was performed by Mr. W. Rea (pianoforte), Mr. H. C. Cooper (violin), and M. Rousselot (violoncello), and went off admirably, especially the slow movement and *allegro*, which were well executed, and produced great effect, both being loudly applauded. Beethoven's sonata in A minor, for pianoforte and violin, by Mr. W. Rea and Mr. H. C. Cooper, was an excellent performance. The performers entered heart and soul into the spirit of the piece, and were rewarded by general approval. The sonata would have been encored had it not been for its length. Mendelssohn's Duo in D, Op. 58, for pianoforte and violoncello, by Messrs. W. Rea and Rousselot, was remarkably effective, particularly the *Allegretto*. Mendelssohn's *Variations Serieuses* displayed the pianoforte playing of Mr. W. Rea to the highest advantage; the variation, with *staccato* accompaniment for the right hand, was performed with great distinctness; and the last variation with the utmost vigour, clearness, and decision. The performance was fully appreciated by the audience, who expressed their approbation by loud and unanimous applause. Miss Poole and Mr. Whitworth were the vocalists. Miss Poole sang "Che farò" in her happiest style, and her expressive reading of Mendelssohn's "The First Violet" was followed by a general encore. Mr. Whitworth sang a new song by Mr. W. Rea, entitled "A Stormy Night," in his best manner; his deep voice contrasted well with the brilliant pianoforte accompaniment, played by the composer himself. The song was deservedly encored. Kücken's "Farewell" was also sung by Mr. Whitworth very effectively. The concert gave general satisfaction.

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.—The performance of Handel's *Saul*, on Wednesday week, was a vast improvement on last year. The choruses, nearly all, went admirably, and many of them are among the very finest of Handel. The second part of the oratorio, which is made up, excepting three choruses, of tedious recitatives and airs, was dull, as usual; but the first and third parts pleased immensely, and the oratorio is likely to become one of the most popular of its glorious composer. We are no friends to curtailments in general, but we think a judicious abridgment of *Saul*, more particularly in the second part, would be highly beneficial. Mr. Costa, who conducted the performance on Wednesday with so much ability, is the man to do it. We can see no reason for retaining a quantity of prolix matter which spoils a great work, and, after all, is entirely attributable to the loquacious and pedantic Dr. Morell, who has almost swamped the genius of Handel in his verbose triviality. The vocalists on Wednesday were Misses Birch, E. Birch, and Dolby, Messrs. Benson, Lawler, and Weiss. They all sang well and carefully, but Miss Dolby surpassed herself. We never recollect her more impressive and energetic—her power of voice keeping pace with the variety of her expression and the finish of her execution. The organ part, performed by Mr. Brownsmith, was unusually striking, and some peculiarly fine effects were remarked in the scene with the Witch of Endor (Part III.), and in "Mourn, Israel, mourn," one of Handel's most pathetic and magnificent choruses. The hall was very full, and on retiring from the orchestra, at the conclusion, Mr. Costa was deservedly applauded. *Samson* will be given on the 11th, for the first time under Mr. Costa's direction. Subscribers are already inquiring whether Mr. Horsley's *David* is to be performed by the Sacred Harmonic Society. It is to be repeated at Liverpool, on the 25th, in the New Philharmonic Hall.

MR. FREDERICK VENUA, student of the Royal Academy of Music, and pupil of Signor Crivelli and Mr. Balfe, made a very successful *debut* as a singer at Mr. Dando's last "Quartet Concert," in Crosby Hall, on the 24th ultimo. Mr. F. Venua is the son of Mr. Venua, some time since leader of the band of *Her Majesty's Theatre*. He promises to make a good figure in his profession.

HEBR. EHREMAN, the violoncellist, has arrived in London from Paris.

B. RICHARDS.—The pianoforte music that emanates from the press with such unceasing fertility is seldom distinguished by any useful qualities when the needs of the youthful players are taken into consideration. The ordinary characteristics of such works are difficulty and pretension, with scarcely a glimpse of æsthetic feeling, save that engendered by intercourse, indiscriminately conducted, with music generally. A better class of educational publication is that which has lately issued from the pen of Mr. Brinley Richards, a gentleman of triplicate fame as a pianist, a teacher, and a composer. It is in the last-mentioned capacity that we have to do with him at the present moment, several pieces having been published under his hand which seem to possess a distinct and definite superiority over other scholastic exercises of the same sort. The works of continental writers have usually been adopted by teachers as the most fitting for the discipline of their pupils, partly, perhaps, with a just sense of their excellence, in certain cases, for such a service, and partly because of the prestige that usually surrounds a foreign name. That there is truth in the latter assertion may be inferred from the fact that many English writers, whose songs and pianoforte pieces, when issued under their own plain British patronymics, remain unnoticed on the counters of the music-sellers, enjoy a wide and profitable reputation under a German or Italian pseudonym—an alternative that is resorted to much more frequently than the gentle and simple public would imagine. But this by the way. Mr. Brinley Richards, in the publications to which we have alluded, has evidently aimed at producing a series of compositions for the use of students, which shall not only facilitate the mechanical adroitness of the hand in conjunction with other developments, but inculcate purity and elevation of taste by shadowing the forms of artistic beauty, and suggesting the directions to which it tends. His versions of Mendelssohn's songs, the *First Violet*, and the *Maid of the Ganges*, are good illustrations of his "arrangements" having this object in view. Nothing can be more judiciously laid out for the performer—nothing exceed the delicate excellence of the effect. Another adaptation, intended for a somewhat larger amount of mechanical skill, is a setting of the *Pastorale* movement from the *Prophete* of Meyerbeer, which is treated with an ingenious and pleasing discursiveness. *Sybil Picciolla* and the *Fairy Dream* are bagatelles not derived from subjects by other composers, but simply studies of a tender and poetical cast, noticeable for grace and symmetry of feeling, rather than for force and effect—a group of compositions admirably calculated, by their sweetness, flow, and light, unentangled texture, to charm and stimulate the understanding of the student. The *Irish Emigrant*, a pathetic air, prettily varied in arpeggios, and *Angela*, a romance, complete the list. The second of these deals in commentaries of vigour and brilliancy, copiously studded with phrases for special acts of discipline—such as repeating notes, cross passages, &c.—and throughout more showy and ornate than the other pieces. These effusions are in all cases well written. Mr. Richards is too sound and discreet a musician to expose himself to the censure consequent upon ignorance and negligence; and though the sole end for which they have been produced, is to furnish safe and eligible material for the teacher, by providing him with "lessons" for his pupils in which a better order of taste prevails, and by which improvement, both physical and intellectual, may with more certainty be reckoned upon, they will bear the critical scrutiny of those who would test them without reference to these considerations.—*Morning Herald*, Feb. 28.

MADDELL. ELISE KRINITZ, one of the most talented pianists in Paris, who during her visit to London last season, was heard much too rarely, has arrived in town for the season, and will, it is hoped, afford the musical public more frequent opportunities of applauding her.

JULIEN is engaged by Mr. Saunders to give another concert at Sheffield on the 19th instant.

JENNY LIND.—"We are informed that there is every probability of an arrangement being completed for a series of concerts to take place in London during the next season, at which Jenny Lind will be the star; and we have it upon good authority, that Mr. Frederic Wright has offered one thousand guineas for two concerts in Brighton, which, if accepted, will take place in the

riding school of the Pavilion."—*Sussex Express*. [There is no foundation whatsoever for the first clause in the above report. Jenny Lind will most probably be in town in June, but entertains no idea at this moment of giving concerts in the metropolis. We have no doubt that the spirited *entrepreneur* of Brighton has offered his thousand pounds, and it is possible that Jenny Lind may not refuse such handsome terms should she persist in carrying out her present scheme of a provincial *tournee* in the autumn.—Ed.]

Advertisements.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA, COVENT GARDEN.

THE DIRECTORS have the honour to inform the Nobility, Gentry, Subscribers, and the Public, that the Season of the ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA will COMMENCE ON SATURDAY, MARCH 29th. Full particulars will be duly announced.

NEW SONGS.

Freedom, Light and Love,	H. Hermanson,	...	2s.
Homes of Merry England,	E. Dearle,	...	2s.
Better late than Never	E. Land,	...	2s.
Fleur de Marie (second edition),	G. Barker,	...	2s. 6d.

PIANOFORTE MUSIC.

Romance and Toccata,	B. Jewson,	...	3s.
Grand March, Dring, Dring,	E. J. Westrop,	...	2s.
Oak Leaf Polka,	A. C. Howland,	...	2s.
Kentish Graces, Waltzes and Polka,	J. Blewitt,	...	3s.
Summer Flowers, Waltzes,	E. J. Westrop,	...	3s.
Autumn do., do.,	do.,	...	3s. 6d.

COMIC SONGS.

The Glorious Exhibition,	A. Park,	...	1s.
The Papal Aggression,	J. W. S.,	...	1s.

London: Z. T. Purday, 45, High Holborn.

STERNDAL BENNETT'S SELECT WORKS,

PUBLISHED BY WESSEL & Co.

SONATA in F minor, Op. 13, dedicated to MENDELSSOHN,	...	9s.
FANTASIA in A, Op. 16, dedicated to ROBERT SCHUMANN,	...	10s. 6d.
CAPRICE, Op. 24, dedicated to MADAME DULCER,	...	6s.

The above works, performed in public by M. Alexandre Billel, with distinguished success, are published by Wessel & Co., 229, Regent Street, London.

WANTED,

BY a YOUNG LADY, a situation in a Musical Establishment. She has had almost the sole management of a first-rate Provincial business, and is leaving in consequence of the present proprietor relinquishing a second Establishment. She is a good pianist, and also understands the correct time of singing. Unexceptionable references can be given. Apply to M. M., Post-Office, Cheltenham.

SIGNOR BOTTESINI,

MUSICAL DIRECTOR OF THE ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA AT HAVANNA, BEGS to apprise the Musical Profession and the Public that he will arrive in London at the beginning of May, and remain during the entire Season.

Letters and applications for engagements to be addressed to Sig. BOTTESINI, Wessel and Co., 229, Regent Street.

NEW PIANOFORTE MUSIC.

STREICH—Les Hirondelles.

J. HERZ—La Sylphide.

BRISSON—L'Arabesque.

THALBERG—Irish Airs.

TALERY—Mazurka Brilliant.

ROECKEL—Clotilde.

SILAN—March Romaine.

SILAN—Nocturne.

RICHARDS—Danish Air.

Cramer, Beale, and Co., 201, Regent-street, and 67, Conduit-street.

REDOWA BRILLANTE.

POUR Piano, Dedicée à Madlle. Cecilia de Schultze, par JACQUES HERZ, Op. 60. Price 3s.

THE MIDSHIPMAN'S STAR.

BALLAD, dedicated to Miss Dolby. The words by ROBERT KETCHEN, the Music by SCIPION ROUSSELOT. Price 2s.

London: Rousselet and Co., Publishers. Importers of Foreign Music, and Military Musical Instrument Makers to Her Majesty's Army, 66, Conduit Street, Regent Street.

THE MISSES SMITH & MR. AUGUSTUS BRAHAM

PREVIOUS to their departure for the London Season, will

give Concerts in Edinburgh and Glasgow, on the following dates:—

Edinburgh: Music Hall, the 8th and 13th Inst.
Glasgow: Merchant's Hall, 11th, and City Hall, 17th Inst.
1, Albany Place, Edinburgh.

BEETHOVEN ROOMS,

76, HARLEY STREET, CAVENTISH SQUARE.

MADLIE. MATHILDE GRAUMANN has the honour to announce that her **ANNUAL MATINEE MUSICALE**, will take place at the above Rooms, on **MONDAY, March, 17th, 1851**, assisted by the following eminent artists:—Miss Dolby, Madlle. Rummel, Madlle. d'Eichthal, and Madlle. Graumann. Sig. Marchesi, Herr Mengis, M. Jules Stockhausen, Mr. Osborne, Mr. Salaman, Sig. Piatti, and Herr Ernst. To commence at Two o'clock. Tickets, 10s 6d.; Reserved Seats, 15s. each. To be had at Messrs. Cramer and Co.'s, Regent Street, and of Madlle. Graumann, 15, Argyle Street, Regent Street.

MR. CH. MÜHLENFELDT

BEGS to announce that he will give **TWO SOIREEES** of Classical and Modern Pianoforte Performances, at the New Beethoven Rooms, on the following Evenings: **WEDNESDAY, March 10th, and WEDNESDAY, April 9th.** Mr. MÜHLENFELDT will be assisted by several eminent Artists. Subscription Tickets (for both Soirées), 15s. each; and Tickets for one Soirée, 10s. 6d. each. May be had at the principal Music Warehouses, and of Mr. MÜHLENFELDT, 57, Gloucester Place, Portman Square.

NEW SACRED SONGS.

MR. JOHN BARNETT has just published **TWO** new SACRED SONGS, which, from their extreme simplicity and beautiful expression of the poetry, bid fair to become very popular. The words are from the pen of Bayley. They are called, 1. "He that gathereth in Summer," price 2s. 6d.; 2. "The Sabbath Eve," price 2s. 6d. Both are published by CHAPPELL and CO., 50, New Bond-street, and may be obtained of every music-seller in the United Kingdom.—There is a 2nd issue of Alfred Tennyson's two popular songs, "Tears, Idle Tears," and the conclusion of the "May Queen," both composed by Mr. Barnett.

BRINLEY RICHARDS' "VESPER HYMN,"

ARRANGED as a Fantasia for the Pianoforte. The publisher has great pleasure in announcing a new Edition of this admired composition by Mr. BRINLEY RICHARDS, and to state that he has added to his Catalogue all the newest works of this popular writer.

A new edition of this admirable pianoforte fantasia has just been issued: on its first publication we gave it a cordial welcome, not more for the shewiness of its general character, than for completeness of design and the introduction of many pleasing features. Such genuine compositions as those usually put forth by Mr. Brinley Richards are eminently serviceable to teachers, because with the exercise of a moderate degree of knowledge, and power over the instrument, great effects may be produced. This in itself is a great recommendation, for it holds out a kind of encouragement to the pupil's progress.—*Musical Review.*
Charles Olivier, 41, New Bond Street.

COMPOSITIONS BY E. SILAS.

O SALUTARIS HOSTIA, Sacred Song.

SOLO, for Violoncello, with orchestra or pianoforte accompaniment.

CAPRICE No. 1, for the pianoforte.

LES FAUNALES, Caprice No. 2.

PENSEES FUGITIVES, for the pianoforte.

NOCTURNE, for the pianoforte.

ROMANCE SANS PAROLES.

TRIO for Pianoforte, Violoncello and Violoncello.

In the Press.

CONCERT STUCK, for Pianoforte and Orchestra.

Cramer, Beale, and Co., 301, Regent Street.

BLUMENTHAL'S LAST PIANOFORTE WORKS.

NOCTURNE IMPROMPTU	3s. 0d.
LES DEUX ANGES, MORCEAU CHARACTERISTIQUE	3s. 6d.
DEUX VAISES	2s. 6d.
LA PLAINTÉ, Ballade	3s. 0d.
L'EAU DORMANTE	3s. 0d.
THREE MAZURKAS	3s. 0d.
NOCTURNE	2s. 6d.
SCENE DE BALLET	3s. 0d.
PETE COSAQUE, Caprice	3s. 0d.
THREE MELODIES	3s. 0d.
LA SOURCE	3s. 0d.

Cramer, Beale, and Co., 301, Regent Street.

CHEAP SYSTEM FOR TUNING PIANOFORTES, by

Subscription.—In London: terms—per annum, once a month, 12s.; per three quarters, 10s.; per two quarters, 8s.; per one quarter, 5s. Out of London, 10 miles round, the terms will be double. This new system gives both the advantages of cheapness and having the instrument regularly kept in tune and good order. Prospectuses and subscriptions to be had of Messrs. ROUSSELOT and Co., 66, Conduit Street, Regent Street.

ST. MARTIN'S HALL, 89, LONG ACRE.

M. ALEXANDRE BILLET begs to announce that the last of his series of **THREE EVENING PERFORMANCES OF CLASSICAL PIANOFORTE MUSIC**, will take place on **Tuesday, March 11th.** To commence at 8 o'clock precisely. Tickets, 2s.; Reserved Seats, 4s.

PROGRAMME OF THE THIRD AND LAST PERFORMANCE.

1. **Sonata in B minor, Op. 40 (Dedicated to CHERUBINI)** CLEMENTI.
2. **Prelude & Fugue in F** BACH.
3. **Prelude & Fugue in E minor** MENDELSSOHN.
4. **Grand Sonata in B flat, Op. 106.** BEETHOVEN.
5. **Andante con Variazioni in B flat, Op. 83 (Posth.)** MENDELSSOHN.
6. **Selection of Studies:**
 - Works, No 11)
 - 5. **Ronde in A minor** MOZART.
 - 6. **Selection of Studies:**
 - C minor HUMMEL.
 - E flat MACFARREN.
 - D minor HILLER.
 - D flat major HENSELT.
 - A minor THALBERG.

BEETHOVEN QUARTETT SOCIETY.

MR. S. ROUSSELOT respectfully announces that the Society will resume the six Meetings, at 27, Queen Ann Street, on **Wednesday, April the 2nd**; and that there will be also four Morning Performances at Hanover Square Rooms, on the alternate week with the six nights. Early notices are requested from members as preference will be given to former Subscribers. Subscriptions for the six nights, Two Guineas; for the four mornings, One Guinea and a Half; for the ten performances together, Three Guineas. To be had of Messrs. ROUSSELOT & Co., 66, Conduit Street, Regent Street.

MR. W. REA

HAS the honour to announce that his **THIRD and LAST** Performance of Classical Pianoforte Music, will take place at the New Beethoven Rooms, No. 27, Queen Ann Street, on **FRIDAY EVENING NEXT, March 14th.** To commence at Eight o'clock. Tickets to be had of the principal Music Publishers, and Mr. W. Rea, 73, Upper Norton Street.

APOLLONICON.

RORAL MUSIC HALL, ADJOINING LOWTHER ARCADE.

TUESDAY, THURSDAY, SATURDAY—Morning 2; Evening 8. Mr. Mather's admired Performances. Miss Poole, Miss Mesent (Evening); the Misses, Mr., and Master Collins (Emma, Pianoforte and Vocal; Victoria, Violoncello and Vocal; Rosina, Violin, Concertina, and Vocal; Mr., Violin and Flute; Master, Violin). Mr. F. Chatterton's Juvenile Harpists (the Lockwood Family). Oboe and Director, Mr. Gratton Cooke. Admission, 1s.; reserved seats, 1s. 6d.; stalls, 2s. 6d.

DR. STOLBERG'S VOICE LOZENGE,

FOR Improving the Voice, and removing all Affections of the Throat. Strongly recommended to Clergymen, Singers, Actors, Public Speakers, &c. subject to relaxed Throats, and to all persons desirous of cultivating their Voices, and ensuring a good and clear articulation. They have also been found highly beneficial to those afflicted with Nervous, Hysterical, or Stomachic Coughs.

To be had in Boxes, at 1s. 1d., 2s. 9d., and 4s. 6d. each, of every Medicine Vendor in the kingdom. Musical Agents in London, Messrs. Leader & Co., 63, New Bond Street; Wholesale Agents, Messrs. Barclay & Sons, Farringdon Street.

Testimonials of their efficacy are published with each Box, from

Mad. Grist	Miss Romer	Mr. Harrison	Mr. J. Barnett
Mad. Persiani	Mad. Albertazzi	Mr. Allen	Mr. George Linley
Mad. Eugénie Garcia	Miss Cooper	Mr. White	Mr. Rodwell
Mrs. Alfred Shaw	Sig. Lablache	Mr. Wall	Mr. Nelson
Miss Rainforth	Sig. Ghabriel	Mr. Kroff	&c., &c.

CURES FOR THE UNCURED I

HOLLOWAY'S OINTMENT.—Cure of a Bed Leg of more than sixty years' standing.—Mr. Barker, of No. 5, Graham's Place, Draypool, near Hull, had ulcers on his leg from the age of 18 until upwards of 80, and although for many years he had sought the first advice in the country, nothing was found to cure them. He often suffered excruciating pain for long periods together, which incapacitated him from attending to his business. He had given up all hopes of getting a cure, when at last he was persuaded to try Holloway's Pills and Ointment, which he did, and however wonderful it may appear, the leg was thoroughly healed by their means, and by continuing to use the Pills alone after his leg was well, he has become in health so hale and hearty as now to be more active than most men of fifty. N.B.—The truth of this extraordinary statement can be vouched for by Mr. J. C. Reinhardt, 23, Market Place, Hull, Feb. 20th, 1850. The Pills should be used conjointly with the Ointment in the following cases:—

Bad Legs	Coco Bay	Contracted and Lumbago	Scurvy
Bad Breasts	Chiego-foot	Stiff Joints	Fils
Burns	Chilblains	Rheumatism	Tumours
Bunions	Chapped hands	Fistulas	Scalds
Bite of Moscho	Corns (Soft)	Gout	Sore Nipples
toes and Sand	Cancers	Glandular Swellings	Sore-throats
			Yaws
			Skin-diseases

Sold by the Proprietor, 244, Strand, (near Temple Bar), London; and by all respectable Vendors of Patent Medicines throughout the Civilized World in Pots and Boxes, at 1s. 1d., 2s. 6d., 4s. 6d., 11s., 22s., and 33s. each. There is a very considerable saving in taking the larger sizes.

N.B.—Directions for the guidance of Patients are affixed to each Pot or Box.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE, 1851.

THE following Outline of the Arrangements for the Season is respectfully submitted to the Nobility, Subscribers, and Patrons of the Opera. It is presented with the confident hope, that the successful exertions made, may be considered not unworthy of the forthcoming Brilliant Season, and of the high reputation and character of HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

ENGAGEMENTS FOR THE OPERA:—

SOPRANI of high merit, who will appear for the first time in England, are

MADLLE CAROLINE DUPEZ,

Of the Italian Opera, Paris,

MADLLE. ALAYMO,

Of the Pergola, Florence, and Principal Theatres of Italy; and

MADAME BARBIERE NINI, :

Of the Royal Theatre of Turin, the Pergola, Florence, and all the principal Theatres of Italy;

MADLLE. FELLER, MADLLE. ZAGNOLI.

The following Artists have been re-engaged:

MADAME SONTAG, MADLLE. PARODI,

MADAME GIULIANI, MADLLE IDA BERTRAND,

and

MADAME FIORENTINI,

Who appeared at the close of last Season.

AN ENGAGEMENT HAS ALSO BEEN MADE, FOR A LIMITED NUMBER OF NIGHTS, WITH

MADLLE ALBONI.

SIGNOR GARDONI, SIGNOR SCOTTI,

(His first appearance.)

MR. SIMS REEVES, AND SIGNOR CALZOLARI.

SIGNOR COLLETTI,

SIGNOR FERRANTI, SIGNOR SCAPINI,

(Of the Italian Opera, Paris, their first appearance.)

SIGNOR F. LABLACHE.

SIGNOR LORENZO, SIGNOR CASANOVA,

(Of the Italian Opera, Paris. His first appearance.)

AND

SIGNOR LABLACHE.

OTHER ARRANGEMENTS OF GREAT INTEREST ARE IN PROGRESS.

Director of the Music, and Conductor,

M. BALFE.

Leader of the Orchestra M. TOLBECQUE.

Ballet M. NADAUD.

Maitre de chant des Chœurs HERR GANZ.

GREAT CARE HAS BEEN USED IN THE SELECTION OF THE ORCHESTRA.

The effect of the Choruses will be increased by the addition of several Choristers from Germany.

THE BEST FOUNDED HOPES ARE ENTERTAINED THAT

M. MEYERBEER

Will superintend the production of a

NEW GRAND OPERA,

On which the Great Composer is at present engaged.

THIS OPERA WILL COMPRISE SOME OF THE MOST INTERESTING MELODIES OF THE "CAMP DE SILESE."

An Entirely NEW GRAND OPERA, Composed by

M. THALBERG,

The Libretto by

M. SCRIBE.

will shortly be produced; and a NEW OPERA by

M. AUBER,

Now composing Expressly for

MADLLE. ALBONI.

POSTHUMOUS WORK OF

DONIZETTI

Has likewise been secured.

VARIOUS NOVELTIES, in addition to the most admired Works of the Repertoire, will be produced on a scale of completeness adapted to the

BRILLIANT SEASON OF 1851.

MADAME FIORENTINI will appear at the opening of the Theatre, in
AUBER'S OPERA OF GUSTAVUS.

MADemoiselle CAROLINE DUPEZ

Will appear the first week in April.

MADAME SONTAG

Will appear immediately after Easter.

MADemoiselle ALAYMO

Will also appear immediately after Easter.

ENGAGEMENTS FOR THE BALLET.

MADLLE. CARLOTTA GRISI,

MADLLE. AMALIA FERRARIS, MADLLE. MARIE TAGLIONI,

MADLLE. PETIT STEPHAN,

MESDILES. TEDESCHI, MATHILDE, ALLEGRIINI

Their First Appearance:

MESDILES. ROSA, AUSUNDON, JULIENNE, LAMOUREUX, LUCILE, EMILIE,
AND **JENNY PASCALES, AND**

MADLLE. CAROLINA ROSATI,

M. PAUL TAGLIONI, M. GOSSELIN, M. CHARLES.

And a numerous CORPS DE BALLET, selected from the French, Spanish, Hungarian, Italian, and English Corps de Ballet.

THE LIBRETTO OF A NEW GRAND POETICAL BALLET,

To be produced early in the Season, has been supplied by

M. DE ST. GEORGES.

It will include the whole available talent of the Ballet; and to give effect to its production, an engagement has been effected with the greatest Dramatic Mime of Italy,

MADemoiselle MONTI.

MAITRE DE BALLET M. PAUL TAGLIONI.

SOUS MAITRE DE BALLET M. GOSSELIN.

REGISSEUR DE LA DANSE M. PETIT.

COMPOSERS OF THE BALLET MUSIC, SIG. PUGNI & MR. E. J. LODER.

PRINCIPAL ARTIST TO THE ESTABLISHMENT, MR. CHARLES MARSHALL.

MADLLE. FERRARIS

Will appear at the opening of the Theatre in a New Ballet, composed expressly for her by **M. PAUL TAGLIONI.**

MADLLE. CARLOTTA GRISI

Will appear at the beginning of April, in the character of **ARIEL**, in the New Opera of **LA TEMPESTE.**

MADLLE. ROSATI AND MADLLE. MARIE TAGLIONI.

Will appear immediately after Easter.

Other arrangements are in progress. The Subscription will consist of the same number of nights as last season. The Theatre has been thoroughly renovated, and Artists of great merit are now employed on the Decorations.

The Season will open early in March, with (First time at this Theatre) **Auber's**
Opera of

GUSTAVUS,

In which Madame Fiorentini, Madlle. Feller, and Signor Calzolari, will appear.

An entirely New Ballet, by **M. Paul Taglioni**, entitled

L'ILE DES AMOURS,

Principal parts by Madlle. A. Ferraris, Mesdiles. Tedeschi, Ausundon, &c., and **M. Paul Taglioni.**

Printed and Published, for the Proprietors, by **MICHAEL SAMUEL MYERS**, of No. 3 Studley Villas, Studley Road, Clapham Road, in the parish of Lambeth, at the office of MYERS and Co., 37, King Street, Covent Garden, in the parish of St. Paul, where all communications for the Editor are to be addressed, post paid. To be had of **G. Purkiss**, Dean Street, Soho; **Allen**, Warwick Lane; **Vickers**, Holywell Street, and at all Booksellers.—Saturday, March 8, 1851.